Week ending November 22 1952
Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

AAGE THAARUP, THE ROYAL MILLINER

INTRIGUE AND TREACHERY ON THE ROAD TO POWER: ALAN BULLOCK'S LIFE STORY OF HITLER

their weapons instantly and gladly surrendered. They took them back to the barge. Other Dutchmen of the organization brought in more prisoners, and by the end of October they counted seventy demoralized Germans grumbling and scratching at lice in the stinking hold.

The deep thumps of heavy guns were coming across the Maas now, and at night they saw the glow of fires. Every day the guns sounded louder and every night the fires were nearer. On October 4 they found themselves on the barge in the middle of an artillery duel.

Dash Across River

One of the Dutchmen came back from a reconnaissance and said that the Germans had pulled out of the village across the river and that the British were very close to it. Carson had a few words with Parker and then they went to the Kommandant and told him they were going to try a dash across the river just before dawn.

This time the Kommandant nodded. "That is the best," he said. "You must tell them that we are here and I will send one of my men with you."

He surprised Carson then by revealing that they could start the engine of the barge and that if Carson could send an "all clear" message back by the Dutchman, they would steer the barge out of the canal across the river.

An hour before, dawn, Carson, Parker and a Dutchman moved down the trail to the river, got into a skiff at the old landing and paddled across the river.

They landed a few hundred yards from the village and as the grey light came Carson climbed a willow to try to see what was happening in the village. In a minute a loud explosion sent up a mushroom of dirt a hundred yards away and then there was another, and then another, rather closer. Carson caught the flashes a couple of miles beyond the village and realized they had been spotted by a British battery. He almost fell out of the tree and they scrambled into cover.

Crawling towards the village they saw no movement at all. It was silent and seemed deserted, and they crawled under cover to the corner of a house and settled down to watch.

Half an hour later a man darted from behind a house, crossed the street and vanished into a doorway. A minute later he flitted out of the doorway and vanished behind another house, and Carson, heart jumping into his throat, saw that the man was in British battledress.

With Allies At Last

They watched the soldier work his way down the street. No sound or movement came from the houses and when the soldier darted into view again about fifty yards away Carson saw the n.c.o.'s chevrons on his sleeve and yelled, "Hey, sergeant!"

The soldier was instantly out of sight in a doorway. Carson yelled again, "We're Allied Air Force officers escaping. The Germans have pushed off out of here."

There was a brief silence, and then the soldier's voice came: "Come out with your hands up. Walk in the middle of the road."

An hour later they were telling a lieutenant-colonel of the Rifle Brigade what they knew of the German movements. A little after dusk the Dutchman went back across the river, and towards midnight they heard the chugging of the barge's engine. Soon the barge moved slowly out of the darkness and grounded on the shore.

The Kommandant jumped over the bows and waded ashore, allowing his face to wrinkle into a wide smile as they took him to see the colonel. But the happiest of all seemed to be the seventy Germans in the hold. THE END

Another real-life adventure from Paul Brickhill's new book, "Escape—or Die," the authentic record of the R.A.F. Escaping Society, will appear shortly

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

The photograph on page 22 is of Diane and Rosalind Rowe.

£1,000 PAGE—FINAL CHRISTMAS TURKEYS, FOWLS...

XWORD PRIZES value up to

£200

£100 CASH 1st PRIZE

Awards value £25 amongst 1st Runners-up
Up to 500 "Signposts" for 2nd Runners-up

XMAS DINNERS 5-lb. Fowl and Plum Pudding for £100 winner or sharers—also with each 1st Runners-up Award value 10s or over.

INSTRUCTIONS: First complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues on right. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

In adjudication all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.) and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated Dec. 13.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

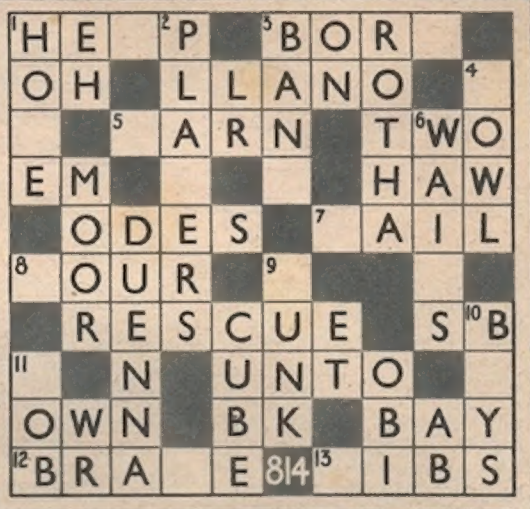
ADDRESS ENTRY: Xword No. 814, "JOHN BULL," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Across Clues — XWORD 814

1. Mother would think something amiss if there wasn't this to wash up after Christmas dinner
3. Don't take it for granted that a fool is this
5. One shouldn't ramble all over the place
7. It is often circular
8. You make this at a whist drive
12. May hold things together in emergency
13. Little ones soon learn what these are for

Down Clues

1. Many a desperate creature eventually finds refuge in
2. Many a time they are sold for very little
3. Is quite often the source of great credit to a community
4. This may simply be a bit of cheek
6. Easily get stuck in a rut
9. You are not necessarily cowardly because you do this
10. Successful racehorse owner is often proud of his
11. In cold weather workmen are particularly glad of kettle on this



CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

Puzzle and Form strictly copyright

I enclose P.O. value..... No.....

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

XWORD 814
Closing postmark MON., DEC. 1

EXTRA for XMAS
If you win a prize with this fully-completed 2s. coupon, a novel Crossword Surprise will reach you at Christmas.

XWORD 809 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 2, Parish or Perish. 5, Brave. 7, Mills. 9, Scum. 11, Pal. 13, Lover. 14, Vile. DOWN: 1, Fable. 3, Runs. 4, Hill. 6, Faked. 8, Punch. 10, House. 11, Pull. 12, Eye.

£100 OUTRIGHT WINNER: Mrs. M. Wilson, Wellfield House West, Todmorden, Lancs. Winner also receives fine Christmas Dinner.

Awards value £25 for 1st Runners-up shared by nine entrants each of whom receives Christmas Fowl and Pudding in addition. Useful "Signpost" Prizes awarded to 2nd Runners-up.

HE'S ENJOYING that £500 FEELING

TWO years ago Mr. W. Graham (left), of 7 Ruberslaw Road, Hawick, made *Bullets* his hobby. Today he is buying presents for relatives, clothes for his family and enjoying a new feeling of security—thanks to a £500 cheque from JOHN BULL for his ironic comment: SHOULD BE GOOD—RADIO-CONTROLLED JET-PROPELLED SUPERSONIC Z-BOMB! A neat thought, as well put, can gain you this week's £500-plus-Turkey First Prize for a *Bullet*. There are other Christmas feasts galore on this £1,000 *Bullets* and Crossword page. But be quick—they are yours for one final week.

"Bullets" Winners No. 1,857

FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus Hamper: L. Thorpe, 206 Manchester Road, Denton, Manchester:

Love, The Leveller
Making George's Fund "Mountain."

£50 plus Hamper: F. H. Reid, 66 Cambridge Close, Hounslow, Middlesex: HOME TO MOTHER—EARTH, AFTER LIFE'S "NAGGING."

£25 plus Hamper: Mrs. Z. Bailey, 53 Marlborough Street, Oldham: GLORY THAT WAS WAR—VANISHED IN CHARGERS' DUST.

OTHER AWARDS: £10: F/Sgt. R. C. Brooks, R.A.F., 50 Topcliffe Road, Thirsk: UP AT THE TOP—"WEAKNESS"—HENCE STEEL HELMETS. £10: C. Clarke, Bay Tree Farm, Frankby, West Kirby, Cheshire: GLORY THAT WAS AUTUMN—*Your* "GOLD" NOW, GARDENERS. £5: Miss K. M. Bizley, 11 Argyle Street, Eastville, Bristol: DARING YOUNG MAN—TIMID OLD ME—YESTERDAY. £5: Mrs. E. A. Chambers, 278 Hillmorton Road, Rugby: HOME TO MOTHER—OCCASIONALLY? MAKE IT OCCASION! £5: Mrs. J. Dicks, 25 Winstonian Road, Cheltenham: WATCH THOSE PINTS AND—REMEMBER "WALLOP" *Car* CARRIES! £5: J. Hogan, 61 Neston Street, Walton, Liverpool: PLAYING WITH KIDDIES—BEFORE LONG, MODERN TOYS! £5: D. T. Ross, 155 Hutcheon Street, Aberdeen: POLICEMAN SAM—TOLERABLE—BUT JUDGE, JURY—! (Above winners also receive Hampers.)

For ten winners of £2 10s. plus Hamper, see *"Bullets" Bulletin*. Winners of 50 Fowls have been notified and 1,500 "Good Shots" posted.

"BULLETS" CHRISTMAS PRIZES VALUE OVER

£800

£500 CASH 1st PRIZE

plus privilege of nominating hospital to receive 12-lb. Xmas Cake

£50, £25, £10, £9, £8, £7, £6, 2 of £5, 10 of £2 10s.
ALL PLUS XMAS TURKEY
50 SURREY FOWLS
1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes

XMAS CAKES A delicious Xmas Cake accompanies each of the 70 chief prizes won with *Bullet* which was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

HOW TO WIN

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on right. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your Bullet as usual.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in merit order; test—cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not over 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank given.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests (in *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated December 20, and in JOHN BULL, dated December 27), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See *Daily Herald* on Saturday, December 13, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,862 result).

NOTE. You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in the same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "Combined," top left-hand corner.

On Christmas Day
President Ike
A Princely Gift
Humanity's Star
Through The Mist Of Years
Cherished
To The Children
History Repeats Itself, So
That Festive Feeling
Eludes Us
Made Her Happy
The Housekeeping Money
Truncheon v. Cosh
Bad Manners
Stream Of Customers
The Office-boy
With A Bit Of Mistletoe
Uninvited Guest
Pulling No Punches
Puzzled The Psychiatrist

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

Father.....And
Most Of The.....
Haunting.....
In Alfie's.....
.....Of The Season
If It's.....They're After

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,862, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

EXAMPLE ..... 6d.

BULLET

EX. ..... 6d.

B. .....

EX. ..... 6d.

B. .....

EX. .....
B. ..... EXTRA TWO FOR 6d.
EX. .....
B. .....

Closing Postmark **1,862** Monday Dec. 1.

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. Value.....

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Signed .....

Address.....

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MONSTER HAMPERS COMING—SEND for this "BULLETIN"

With this coupon (which you can enclose with your entry) send P.O. 1s. for six weeks' *Bulletin* and *Gazette* at REDUCED SERIES RATE—first copy dated December 13. **Every issue contains extra *Bullets* winners to guide you to success.**

P.O. 1s. No.....

FREE!

New entrants simply complete this label for free and post-free specimen *Bulletin*.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

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675

GIANT CHRISTMAS OFFER NEXT WEEK!

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EDITORIAL

Waste land

MR. NOEL ARMSTRONG, a Norwich solicitor, gave a luncheon for thirty people last month. It was a good spread and a remarkable one, because the food came from his garden and was surplus to the needs of his family.

He had the idea of turning his medium-sized garden and tennis court into a miniature farm during the war, when he served in many countries where every square foot of land yields food.

Now his garden puts on his table every year the meat of two pigs (all extra pork and bacon is bought by the Ministry of Food), ten fowls, fifty rabbits, 1,500 eggs and all vegetables. "We are far better fed than we were before the war," he says.

ONLY forty per cent of Britain's food is grown in this country. The rest has to be shipped from abroad. With our export trade facing increasing competition, there is less money to buy food—and, anyway, there is less food in the world to buy.

ARMSTRONG
"Far better fed . . ."

If enough people followed Mr. Armstrong's example, we should no longer depend mainly on outside supplies. In addition, food would become cheaper.

It is up to the Government to give a lead. The 1,085,618 allotment-holders, the 1,186,000 poultry-keepers and the 200,000 pig-keepers should receive encouragement.

Seeds, day-old chicks and piglets could be subsidized. The use of sewage sludge for manure as in Holland might be investigated.

YET not only is there very little on these lines, but, incredibly, the opposite is taking place. Consider the case of allotment-holders: since the war their number has decreased by half a million.

In London, 27,000 of them have been thrown off their L.C.C. plots. All over the country former allotments have become parkland, cemeteries and airfields. In Lancashire, 32,000 people are on the waiting-list for plots.

Says an official of the National Allotments Society: "The hard facts of our trading position put this country in a worse position than even the Atlantic blockade did."

WE need a new, vigorous "Feed Ourselves" campaign. Let householders who still do not want to grow vegetables or raise animals be asked to lend part of their gardens to those who would do so. Let the unused space in and near towns be used for food-raising schemes.

Then the waste land would be wasted no more.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

AUCTION rooms delight A. R. Thomson, R.A., and all the furniture in his Chelsea home was bought at sales. "I often wonder about the history of things that come under the hammer," he says. "Perhaps they belonged to kings, poets or assassins." His wife is an inveterate bargain hunter, and in this painting he illustrates his chief fear about her sale-room adventures: "One day she will come home with a stuffed crocodile or something equally awful."

Be wise - Economize!

Outstanding Quality and Low Price make 'Ovaltine' the 'Best Buy'

THERE are sound reasons for the nation-wide popularity of 'Ovaltine'. It offers a high standard of quality coupled with noticeable economy in use, at prices which discerning housewives are quick to appreciate.

The best of Nature's foods are used in the production of 'Ovaltine'. These are scientifically combined to provide nutritive elements, including vitamins, which help to maintain energy and vitality.

Only the universal demand for 'Ovaltine' enables this quality product to be sold at its present economical price. 'Ovaltine' offers consistent value with welcome economy in a world of rising prices.

It pays to buy the best!

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland: 1/6, 2/6 *and* 4/6 P.859A

Insist on

OVALTINE

It costs so little - it gives so much

OVALTINE RUSKS

These delicious Rusks, which contain a proportion of 'Ovaltine', are appetizing, digestible and nourishing. 'Ovaltine' Rusks are a welcome addition to the diet of children and adults. They are also a help to babies at teething time.

In Cartons, 10d. *and* 1/7.

How little can a good watch cost?

TO PUT it another way—how do we manage to offer you this splendid new range of Kelton '21' wrist-watches at such easy-to-afford prices? There are three answers. Kelton '21' are made in an ultra-modern factory where top efficiency lowers costs. They are made on the same high-precision machines used for making high-priced watches. They are British-made and free from duty. See these handsome, wonderfully reliable watches at your jeweller's. *Compare them, try them on, judge for yourself!*

26 NEW MODELS

in chromium or 'Algold' cases with or without sweep second hands, luminous or non-luminous.

LADIES' *from* 60/-
MEN'S *from* 55/-

OTHER KELTON '21' FEATURES: Temperature-compensating hair-spring. Shock-resistant. Unbreakable glass. Finest leather strap. Luxurious gift box. Manufacturer's Guarantee.

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O.K

THE SAUCE THAT DOES YOU GOOD

Free Speech

The careless talk of parents

MANY years ago I overheard a conversation between my parents. They did not know that I was in the next room. I heard my mother say, "Which of the children do you really prefer?" There was a brief silence and then my father named my younger brother.

I did not show by word or action that I had heard, and through the years I tried to forget the remark. But I never succeeded. To a child, words can hurt harder than any beating. With my own experience in mind I take great care, and so does my wife, that our children are never within earshot during our private conversations.—C. L. S., Bath.

Fire Hazard

WORKMEN have been in our house trying to locate the source of smoke in our children's bedroom. Sawing through floorboards under the dressing table, they found that part of the chimney had fallen in, and the boards were smouldering. One of the men said that my daughters might have been suffocated or burned to death. Yet when I asked the children what they would do in case of fire, they could not answer me. It taught me a lesson. Parents should tell their children what to do if fire breaks out, and schools should have compulsory fire drill.—MRS. S. ATKINSON, Upchurch, Sittingbourne, Kent.

Happy Beetles

TORTOISES ("Free Speech," November 1) are not always bought as pets. I once encountered a barrow full of them in Eastbourne where, owing to the chalk subsoil, beetles abound,

especially in basement houses. Asked why people bought tortoises, the vendor replied that it was to kill beetles. "But don't you know that the tortoise is a vegetarian?" I asked. "Yes, *I* do," he replied with a grin, "but the customers don't." — M. MONTAGU-NATHAN, Margaretta Terrace, Chelsea, London, S.W.3.

Make It Official

ORDINARY envelopes are accepted for registration by the Post Office. Yet there is a regulation that compensation is not paid for any loss of money, unless it was sent in the official registered envelope.—R. E. BOULTON, Manor House Lane, Birmingham.

Quite true, says the G.P.O. If money (which includes postal and money orders, Bank of England notes and stamps) is registered in a plain envelope, it is treated as registered mail but, if lost, compensation is not considered.

Memories of Gracie

LAST year in Fayid, Egypt, we were wandering around a little bookshop and chanced upon a book of photographs of Gracie Fields. To our surprise, they included a picture of my husband when he was a schoolboy in 1934, with Gracie on location for her film *Sing As We Go*. Parts of it were shot at Blackpool, and my husband was an extra in the film. Gracie is a grand person, and we shall keep her "Songs From My Golden Treasury" (JOHN BULL, November 8) as a permanent souvenir.—MRS. L. C. MACKAY, Ashford, Middlesex.

. . . Memories of music hall nights were revived by Gracie's songs, but the published lyrics of one do not sound familiar. When I heard Gracie sing "The Biggest Aspidastra In The World" before the war, I am sure there was a policeman in it somewhere. And did the man who wrote it know how to spell the plant's name? I always thought it was called "aspidistra."—JOHN ARTHUR, London, N.W.1.

Gracie Fields says she sometimes changes the lines of her songs. One version was:

A policeman came and said it would have to come down soon,
The branches got so high they were blotting out the moon. . . .

The song was written by Jimmy Harper, Will E. Haines and Tommie Connor. Harper says he always thought the plant was an aspidastra, as that was the cockney pronunciation. He checked with a dictionary while writing the lyrics and, although the cockney way was wrong, stuck to it for fun.

PLASTIC SURGEON
by Keith Ellis
IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

Neglected Wives

THERE must be many housewives who, like myself, are left-handed. Saucepans with lips are for right-handed pourers, electric irons have their flex on the right side and fish slicers are curved for right-handed people. The latest type of tin opener can be operated only with the right hand. Does any manufacturer produce kitchen tools for left-handed people, or must we struggle indefinitely to become ambidextrous?—MRS. N. CROWLEY, Dewsbury Road, Leeds.

The Council of Industrial Design, which inspects many new kitchen utensils, knows only of a potato peeler which is made specially for left-handed people. It is estimated that about five per cent of the population is left-handed.

Keeping Moving

OTHER "get-you-home" repairs like the dandelion stem ("Free Speech," November 1) are a nail to join a broken chain, and a postage stamp over a puncture. I once heard of a cyclist who, with a badly gashed tyre and tube, removed the tube and stuffed the tyre with dried grass.—CHARLES H. CRADDUCK, Balcombe, Sussex.

Shop Window TV

VISITING some of the larger stores in this country I have seen up to two dozen television sets being operated simultaneously, for public exhibition. Some models are used day after day for months. Are the dealers acting unfairly to the public in selling these sets in view of the high cost and comparative short life of a cathode-ray tube?—A. E., Wolverhampton.

Demonstration sets are not sold to the public as new sets by reputable dealers. Cathode-ray tubes are guaranteed by the manufacturers for six months after purchase, but, in some cases, they last up to five years without replacement.

Beauty's Dungeon

THE editorial "Office Slums" (JOHN BULL, November 1) reminded me of an interview which I had for a book-keeper's post. It was in a West End beauty salon, just off Park Lane. I was ushered into a thickly carpeted, perfumed and mirrored room, complete with French receptionist. Her manner

changed when I inquired about the vacancy. She led me down a bare wooden staircase into the uttermost depths of the building. A windowless room about fourteen feet square, lit by a bare bulb, was the manager's office, which the lucky applicant would have shared. The metamorphosis was too much. I fled. — MRS. V. LATHAM, Wimbledon, London.

Lawful Streets

PEDESTRIANS in Spain who do not use proper road crossings are immediately whistled back, and often fined on the spot by police. After a few days the visitor automatically walks the extra yards to the crossing. Your editorial "Road Murder" (JOHN BULL, October 25) suggests a similar penalty for not using available zebra crossings. The Spanish system means fewer accidents, easier driving, and a smoother flow of traffic. It has one drawback—huge numbers of police are required. —GORDON R. BORTHWICK, Glasgow.

Unforgotten Tyrant

WHATEVER conclusions Alan Bullock may reach in his biography of Adolf Hitler, the Nazi leader is still the secret idol of many Germans. During my service with the Occupation Forces I heard denunciations of the entire Nazi hierarchy—except its head. "He tried too much in too little time," was their regretful summing-up. Someone like Hitler will emerge again. His brand of demagogy, and the Nazi creed, appeals to something bedrock in the German character.—SAM HUGHES, Northland Drive, Londonderry.

This week's instalment of "Adolf Hitler" begins on page 17.

Rain Of Mercy

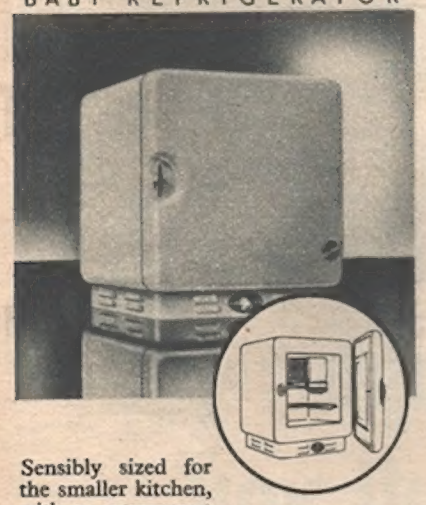
AN old armchair that had belonged to a relative was dragged from an attic and promised for the Guy Fawkes bonfire last year. Rain stopped the celebrations and the chair was reprieved. It remained in the dining-room, and has become the best-loved piece of furniture in the house. Visitors compliment us on its comfort, and there is a dispute every evening over who shall sit in it.—MISS MARGARET MASON, Burnage, Manchester.

Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

● THE IDEAL REFRIGERATOR FOR THE AVERAGE FAMILY

Astral

BABY REFRIGERATOR



Sensibly sized for the smaller kitchen, with no extravagant "gadgets," the Astral Refrigerator fully meets the needs of the average family. The Astral unit has no moving parts, is silent in use, does not interfere with radio or TV and operates on gas or electricity (AC or DC mains). The Astral guarantee is available to every purchaser who registers the refrigerator under the guarantee scheme.

Measures only 24½" x 22½" x 21½"

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H.P. Terms available

DEPT. J.B.7

ASTRAL EQUIPMENT LIMITED
96 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW, C.1

MY CHILD?

NEVER!

It's nobody's fault: any child, unfortunately, can pick up head lice. There is no need to reproach yourself or worry about it. One application of SULEO HAIR EMULSION will clear the most heavily infested head. *Rapid in action—harmless to hair and scalp—non-irritant—undetectable after use.* Guaranteed completely non-inflammable.

SULEO the SAFE remedy
Obtainable from all Chemists 2/2 a bottle
IT'S A JEYES PRODUCT

There's always time for

NESCAFÉ

Hardly have father's thoughts turned yearningly to coffee, when it appears! As quickly as mother can read his thoughts, she can make the grandest coffee! Just a spoonful of Nescafé in the cup, piping hot water, and that roaster-fresh smell heralds a cup of really *good* coffee. At any moment, *you* can have the coffee you like—trust Nestlé's for that.

Nescafé is a soluble coffee product composed of coffee solids, combined and powdered with dextrins, maltose and dextrose added to protect the flavour.

76.KA

ANOTHER OF NESTLÉ'S GOOD THINGS

FULL PROTECTION FOR **THEM**
CASH BONUSES FOR **YOU!**

Yes, this *new* policy provides that something more! It gives protection throughout to Dependants for the full amount of the policy, plus the normal accrued Bonuses, and *in addition*—

Pays in CASH to the policyholder 10% of the Sum Assured every 10 years throughout the duration of the policy.

All for a small weekly or monthly saving.

This is worth looking into. Why not send the completed coupon for full details?

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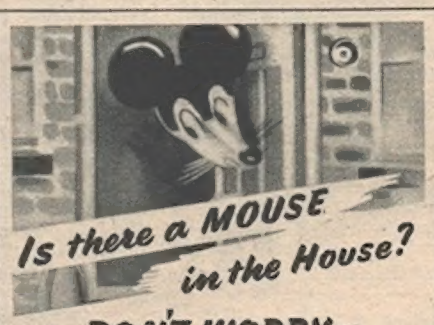

Is there a MOUSE in the House?

DON'T WORRY—

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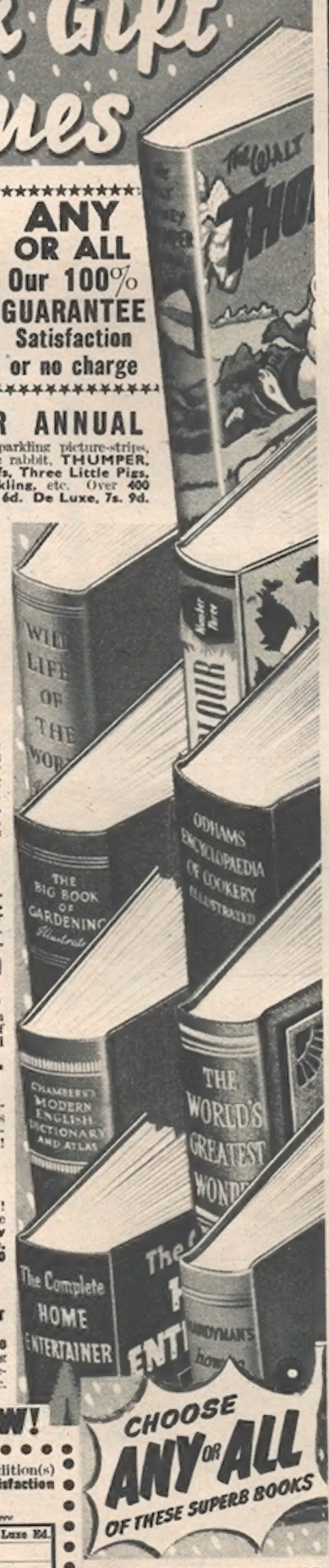

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N87

Modern plant at Lots Road power station eliminates most of the smoke and grit. But guilty chimneys still rob London of 300 hours of sunshine a year

Arnold Marsh crusades for a sunnier Britain

by EDWIN PACKER

His enemy is smoke—all except that from his pipe. Armed with facts and figures he aims to make Britain a richer, cleaner land

ON THE NIGHT OF FRIDAY, November 28, 1948, a dense fog descended on London and broke all existing records by persisting until the following Wednesday, December 3. Day and night, road, rail, river and air traffic in the capital suffered a creeping paralysis. All the facets of this colossal interference with the business of getting a living monopolized the newspapers' headlines. What passed almost unnoticed at the time (partly because facts and figures were not immediately available) was the damage the fog did to living itself.

Deaths soared as if an epidemic had struck the city—779 in the week the fog began, 1,019 the next week. Under the influence of fog, bronchitis, which had averaged sixty-five victims a week during November, killed 148 and 103 in the first two weeks of December. Pneumonia deaths almost doubled—from an average of 37 to 73, then 71. The total death rate took three weeks to get back to the normal 800 mark.

Only a month earlier, in the small industrial town of Donora, U.S.A., a highly concentrated three-day fog had had much more striking results. Seventeen people died suddenly and violently in their homes, on the streets, and at work. More than fifty others had to go to hospital, and forty-two per cent of the 14,000 inhabitants suffered from severe smarting of the eyes, lachrymation, tightness of the chest, vomiting and headaches. To complete the toll were 800 cats, dogs and farm animals.

Fog is a natural phenomenon. It forms on still, cloudless, damp nights and it is then

Fuel research director Dr. Albert Parker tests smokeless fuel for radiation—and gives the anti-smoke crusaders useful data for their campaign

white and comparatively harmless. "What changes it to a deadly dirty grey or pea-souper," says tall, grey-haired Arnold Marsh, general secretary of the National Smoke Abatement Society, "is smoke. Fog holds smoke. All the deadliest fogs have occurred when there has been heavy pollution of the atmosphere from factories and towns. At Donora, the fog was given deadly force with smoke and fumes from steel, wire and zinc works. In fact, residents subsequently sued the firms for damages totalling 4,500,000 dollars. At Poca Rica, a Mexican oil town, smoke from oil refineries mixed with fog caused fifteen deaths. The chimneys are always guilty."

Smoke not only poisons fog. It helps to make it. Floating particles of soot and grit act as nuclei on which the moisture in the air condenses. Says Marsh: "Smoke plus fog—smog, as the Americans call it—is one of the curses of modern civilization."

Home Fires Keep On Smoking

Marsh is one of the foremost authorities on atmospheric pollution in Britain. He regards all smoke—except that coming from his pipe—as his enemy. He has dared to challenge the Englishman's belief that the flickering flames of an open coal fire are essential to domestic bliss, and he has proved to industrialists that their old adage, "Where there's smoke, there's money," is as outdated as the stage coach.

"Science," he says, "has shown that smoke and its bad effects seep into almost every corner of present-day living. In addition to health, it hinders or harms shipping, farming, flying, buildings and, of course, the weekly washing. It wastes coal and valuable by-products. It wastes time and money in cleaning. And every day it spreads a miserable dirty carpet over the land.

"Today, more and more business men are realizing that smoke means waste The conservatism of the British housewife, however, is a much harder nut to crack. The open fires which you find in millions of homes produce more smoke per ton of coal than any other appliance. But we have some way to go to convince her of this, or to make her understand that banishing smoke means less drudgery."

To this and other similar ends—and on a tiny income of £4,500 a year—Marsh and his staff organize conferences and exhibitions, supply lecturers, and publish magazines and pamphlets exposing the villainy of smoke. To more than 400 affiliated local authorities they also explain how foul air can be cleansed by burning smokeless fuels, fitting smoke-eliminating appliances, and using alternatives to coal-fire heating.

There are 300 individual members. "One recently doubled her subscription," Marsh says, "because of the saving she had made in her home by not having to have her chimneys swept after she had fitted smokeless grates."

These members are continually engaged on research, particularly into the effect of smoke on health. Two doctor-members carried out mental tests on physically defective children at a seaside hospital, who were receiving natural sunlight treatment, and on children equally defective who were being treated in their home towns. The intelligence of the seaside child was ten per cent greater than that of the child at home.

A Third Of Light Is Lost

In Manchester, over an eight-year period, daylight was measured at the city centre, at Holt Town in the industrial region, and at Timperley, seven miles to the south-west. Taking the Timperley measurement as 100, the daylight in the city centre measured 68.6 and at Holt Town 39.1. A similar investigation at Glasgow revealed that the city got only 36 units of daylight compared with 100 units at Mearnskirk, seven miles away. London loses 300 hours of sunshine a year through fog and smoke.

"Not only does the pall of smoke cut off the sunlight, it also absorbs the ultra-violet rays which are so important, especially to growing children," says Marsh. "A former medical officer of health estimated that from fifty to eighty per cent of the ultra-violet radiation is lost in the smoke and dust of towns."

Dr. Albert Parker (left) and Arnold Marsh discuss with a visitor the smoke pall covering Greenwich. The conservatism of the British housewife is the hardest nut for them to crack

A statistician at the General Register Office has shown than cancer mortality in urban areas is noticeably higher than in rural areas. In London, lung cancer among women is twice as great as in rural districts. Correlating lung cancer deaths with lack of sunshine indicates that either smoke in the atmosphere causes lung cancer, or that sunshine is an important factor in its prevention.

"We insist upon clean milk, and drink about half a pint each every day," says Marsh. "But we do very little to get clean air, although about three thousand gallons, or thirty-five pounds a day, go through our lungs. Just think how quickly people are roused by a typhoid epidemic or an ice-cream poisoning scare. Yet death caused by smoke goes almost unheeded."

Only Tree That Can Live

Looking across the regiment of London's chimneys from the window of the society's offices near Victoria Station, Marsh declares: "Two-thirds of the filth in the London air comes from those chimney pots. And do you know why the London plane is the only tree that can flourish here? Because it sheds its bark every year, and so avoids being suffocated by a coat of dirt from the smoke-laden air."

Britain uses 200,000,000 tons of coal a year. At least 150,000,000 tons is burnt raw, much of it to produce smoke and invisible gases, such as carbon monoxide, methane and hydrogen, which pollute the air. "It has been estimated," says Dr. Albert Parker, Director of Fuel Research in the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, "that from the 150,000,000 tons of coal burnt raw, seven million go straight up into the air in the form of grit, sulphur dioxide and tarry smoke. It costs the country £50,000,000 a year in loss of fuel, repairs, losses to property and materials, and in cleaning up the mess."

The Fuel Research Station at Greenwich, where Dr. Parker has his headquarters, covers an area of six acres. Research by the smoke scientists has covered everything from the Monday wash to a wartime shipping problem. An inquiry before the war at Manchester showed that the weekly wash took an hour longer there than it did at Harrogate. Soap and fuel for the wash cost 7½d. more every week for a Manchester household.

When the Battle of the Atlantic started, the position of our convoys quickly became known to enemy planes and submarines in spite of intensive security measures. The leakage of information was not due to careless talk or enemy agents, but to something far more difficult to suppress—smoke. Coal-burning ships in our convoys gave off smoke which revealed their presence and movement to enemy craft beyond the horizon. As the shipping losses mounted, a team of scientists and engineers began a top-priority investigation into smoke abatement at the Fuel Research Station.

After three months' intensive research, working round-the-clock shifts, they perfected a smoke-eliminator door for marine boilers. By forcing air over the fire at the right time, and in the right way, it caused the smoky volatile matter to be burnt in the furnace instead of escaping up the flue. More than a thousand ships were fitted with the invention. The tell-tale plumes of smoke from convoy funnels disappeared. "Not only was smoke prevented," says Dr. Parker, "but less coal was used."

Two Thousand Tons A Year

The three largest items in Britain's yearly smoke bill are cleaning, corrosion and waste. Every year, the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research estimates, the railways alone throw over the country 400,000 tons of smoke, 100,000 tons of ash, and 450,000 tons of sulphur dioxide. Every year between sixty and seventy tons of soot and grit fall on every square mile of rural areas, and in towns and cities the amount varies from 250 to 500 tons. One measuring instrument gave the scientists a shock. Situated ten yards from a steelworks, with sewage disposal works, coke-ovens and houses nearby, it recorded more than 2,000 tons a year to the square mile.

During a pea-souper which descended on London one Sunday, official recordings showed that a hundred cubic yards of Kensington air contained eight pounds of assorted grime. Overnight a wind sprang up. Next day, housewives in Bedfordshire villages doing their Monday wash found that sheets on the lines were dirtier

than before they were washed. Windows and water butts carried oily black deposits.

How far smoke travels was shown by an investigation which the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research carried out at Leicester. At a spot four miles to the east of that city, pollution in the atmosphere was made up of three parts from Leicester, two parts from the Black Country forty miles away, and four parts from other districts. A Manx farmer says he always knows when the wind is blowing from Lancashire because his white sheep turn grey. Historic buildings in the Wye Valley, miles away from smoky towns, are showing signs of the corrosive action of smoke.

Corrosion from smoke is caused chiefly by its sulphur dioxide content. Experts estimate that the five million tons of the gas which pour every year from chimneys react with the oxygen and moisture in the air to form 7,000,000 tons of sulphuric acid. A director of the Office of Works calculated that the damage done to buildings by the acid amounts to £60,000,000 over a twenty-five-year period.

Stonework Eaten Away

Magnesium sulphate crystals were found in cracks and fissures twenty inches from the surface of the stonework of the Houses of Parliament. Repairs have been going on since 1861, ten years after the building was commenced, and have cost more than a million pounds. At York Minster, holes more than nine inches in depth have been eaten into the stonework.

On the roof of St. Paul's, far above the grimy festoons of sculptured roses, is a box containing scientific apparatus. One of more than 1,000 instruments in use, it measures the amount of sulphur dioxide in the air around the cathedral. The smoke which eddies across the dome and turrets comes from the coal fires of hundreds of works, offices and dwellings in the neighbourhood. "The coal burnt in these grates," says Dr. Parker, "contains about 1.5 per cent of sulphur, and for every hundred tons of coal nearly two and a half tons of sulphur dioxide are released to attack the stonework."

Says the smoke-abatement expert, Arnold Marsh: "With sulphur we are paying twice over for our shortsightedness in burning raw coal. We have to pay for the damage the sulphur in smoke does to metal and stonework, yet, while it escapes up our chimneys, we are buying it from the United States."

Marsh insists that there are no technical difficulties in giving Britain smokeless air. "All the pioneering work has been done. Only prejudice and ignorance have to be overcome. For instance, furnace and boiler stokers should be trained, and the Ministry of Fuel and Power has a training scheme, but many firms regard their stokers as unskilled labourers. Yet one man firing two Lancashire boilers may spend as much as £5,000 of his employer's money in a year. If he was trained he could cut these costs by anything up to ten per cent. Unskilled firing costs £5,000,000 a year in wasted coal."

But the work of Arnold Marsh, Dr. Parker and their colleagues is bringing results. In big industrial plants, automatic stokers are coming into use. One Midland colliery cured its smoke nuisance by this means, and fuel and manpower savings amounted to nearly £10,000, or 4½d. on every ton of coal produced.

Cleaning Up A Black Spot

In the Potteries, one of Britain's black spots, electric and gas-fired ovens and kilns are slowly replacing coal-fired kilns. Wedgwoods have built an all-electric factory at Barlaston, a rural area south of Stoke. In the old factory, dust in the air speckled the ware, causing £3,000 worth of damage yearly.

At the Scottish Industrial Estate at Hillingdon, near Glasgow, no factories are allowed to generate their own steam. It all comes from a central boiler house, and is distributed by underground ducts. The boiler house has a smoke-prevention plant, and its single stack is a quarter the size of the usual factory chimney.

Measuring soot and grit deposits at a fuel research station. In towns, as much as 500 tons falls on a square mile in a year. "We accept it as our lot to live in an aerial slum," says Arnold Marsh

Science is already taking the fight against smoke a stage further. Plant is being installed at Battersea power station to remove sulphur compounds from the flue gas, and already three-quarters of the sulphur dioxide that would otherwise be discharged from the chimneys is being removed. The process is costly, and members of Dr. Parker's staff are experimenting to find a cheaper way to recover the sulphur in a useful form.

The scientists have also started extracting from flue dirt a rare metal, germanium, used in electronic equipment. It is hoped to reclaim the metal from our coal at the rate of six hundred pounds a year. A Black Country metal-refining firm analysed the smoke from its five furnaces. It showed a high zinc content. Scientists and engineers devised a catchment system, and now zinc oxide is being extracted for use in the production of paint, rubber, cosmetics and ointment.

Smokeless zones were first suggested in 1935 by Charles Gandy, late chairman of the National Smoke Abatement Society. Coventry seized on the notion. The spadework for the city's smokeless zone was done by Tom Willmott, one of Coventry's sanitary inspectors. When war came, he filed his work away. But, after the bombing, when plans for rebuilding the devastated city were made, from the 19,000 acres which comprise Coventry, thirty were set aside for the smokeless zone.

No Great Difficulties

The 179 premises in the zone include a church and the cathedral, ninety-seven shops, six public houses, thirty-one blocks of offices, eight factories, a cinema, eight banks, two dwelling houses, and six cafés or restaurants. "Already 118 of these were not using coal," explains Willmott, "so there were no great difficulties to surmount. The remainder made alterations to prevent smoke."

Coventry is gradually cutting down smoke in other areas of the city by insisting that only smokeless equipment is fitted in all new heating appliances as they are installed. Other cities and towns are following suit. Manchester established its first smokeless zone last May. "But most of us are like slum dwellers," says Arnold Marsh. "We live in an aerial slum and for the most part we accept it as our lot. Such complacency is difficult to overcome. And the most complacent of all is the domestic consumer."

THE END

The woman who never died

by ROALD DAHL

ILLUSTRATED BY LAURENT

She came to life one crazy night in an artist's studio in Paris. The world discovered her thirty years later, somewhat the worse for wear. Now she'll live for ever

THAT YEAR—1946—winter was a long time going. Although it was April, a freezing wind blew through the streets of the city, and overhead the snow clouds moved across the sky.

The old man who was called Drioli shuffled painfully along the sidewalk of the Rue de Rivoli. He was cold and miserable, huddled up, like a hedgehog, in a filthy black coat, only his eyes and the top of his head visible above the turned-up collar.

The door of a café opened and the faint whiff of roasting chicken brought a pain of yearning to the top of his stomach. He moved on, glancing, without any interest, at the things in the shopwindows—perfume, silk ties and shirts, diamonds, porcelain, antique furniture, finely bound books. Then a picture gallery. He had always liked picture galleries. This one had a single canvas on display in the window. He stopped to look at it. He turned to go on. He checked, looked back; and now, suddenly, there came to him a slight uneasiness, a movement of the memory, a distant recollection of something, somewhere, he had seen before. He looked again. It was a landscape, a clump of trees leaning madly over to one side as if blown by a tremendous wind, the sky swirling and twisting all around. Attached to the frame there was a little plaque and on this it said: "Paul Tichine (1894-1943)."

Drioli stared at the picture, wondering vaguely what there was about it that seemed familiar. Crazy painting, he thought. Very strange and crazy—but I like it. . . . Paul Tichine. . . . Paul Tichine. . . . Tichine. . . .

"By God!" he cried suddenly. "My little Kalmuck, that's who it is! My little Kalmuck, with a picture in the finest shop in Paris! Just imagine that!"

The old man pressed his face closer to the window. He could remember the boy—yes, quite clearly he could remember him. But when? When? The rest of it was not so easy to recollect. It was so long ago. How long? Twenty—no, more like thirty years, wasn't it? Wait a minute. Yes—it was the year before the war, the first war, 1913. That was it. And this Tichine, this ugly little Kalmuck, a sullen brooding boy whom he liked—almost loved—for no reason at all that he could think of, except that he could paint.

And how he could paint! It was coming back more clearly now—the studio, with the single chair in it, and the filthy red couch that the boy had used for sleeping; the drunken parties, the cheap white wine, the furious quarrels, and always, always the bitter, sullen face of the boy brooding over his work. . . .

It was odd, Drioli thought, how easily it all came back to him now, how each single small, remembered fact seemed instantly to remind him of another.

There was that nonsense with the tattoo, for instance. Now, that was a mad thing if ever there was one. How had it started? Ah, yes—he had got rich one day, that was it, and he had bought lots of wine. He could see himself now as he entered the studio with the parcel of bottles under his arm—the boy sitting before the easel, and his (Drioli's) own wife standing quite still in the centre of the room, posing for her picture.

"Tonight we shall celebrate," he said. "We shall have a little celebration, us three."

"What is it that we celebrate?" the boy asked, without looking up. "Is it that you have decided to divorce your wife so she can marry me?"

"No," Drioli said. "We celebrate because today I have made a great sum of money with my work."

"And I have made nothing. We can celebrate that also."

DRIOLI said nothing. He stood by the table opening the parcel. He felt tired and he wanted to get at the wine. Nine clients in one day was all very nice—he had never done so many as nine before—but the work was terrible on the eyes. Drioli's eyes were half closed from fatigue, the whites streaked with little connecting lines of red; and about an inch behind each eyeball there was a small concentration of pain. But it was evening now and he was wealthy as a pig, and in the parcel there were six bottles—two for his wife, two for his friend, and two for him. He had found the corkscrew and was drawing the corks from the bottles, each making a small *plop* as it came out.

The boy put down his brush. "Oh Lord," he said. "How can one work with all this going on?"

The girl came across the room to look at the painting. Drioli came over also, holding a bottle in one hand, a glass in the other.

"No!" the boy shouted, blazing up suddenly. "Please—no!" He snatched the canvas from the easel and stood it against the wall. But Drioli had seen it.

"I like it."

"It is terrible."

"It's marvellous," Drioli said. "Like all the others you do—marvellous. I love them all."

Josie took her pose. "First," said the boy,

"The trouble is," the boy said, scowling, "that in themselves they are not nourishing. I cannot eat them."

"But still they are marvellous." Drioli handed him a tumbler full of the pale yellow wine. "Drink it," he said. "It will make you happy."

Never, he thought, had he known a more unhappy person, or one with a gloomier face. He had spotted him in a café some seven months before, drinking alone, and because he had looked like a Russian, or some sort of an Asiatic, Drioli had sat down at his table and talked.

"You are a Russian?"

"Yes."

"Where from?"

"Minsk."

Drioli had jumped up and embraced him, crying that he, too, had been born in that city. Then he had sat down again, staring affectionately at the other's face. "You know," he had said, "you don't look like a western Russian. You're more like a Tartar, or a Kalmuck. You look exactly like a Kalmuck."

Now, standing in the studio, Drioli looked again at the boy as he took the glass of wine and tipped it down his throat in one swallow. Yes, he did have a face like a Kalmuck—very broad and high-cheeked, with a wide, coarse nose. This broadness of the cheeks was accentuated by

"I shall make an ordinary painting." He began applying paint to the naked skin of Drioli's back

the ears, which stood out sharply from the head. And then he had the narrow eyes, the black hair, the thick, sullen mouth of a Kalmuck. But the hands—the hands were always a surprise, so slender and white, like a lady's, with thin, delicate fingers.

"Give me some more," the boy said. "If we are to celebrate, then let us do it properly."

Drioli distributed the wine and sat himself on a chair. The boy sat on the old couch with Drioli's wife. The bottles were placed on the floor between them.

"Tonight we shall drink as much as we possibly can," Drioli said. "I am exceptionally rich."

AFTER a while, Drioli got up to switch on the light. He was surprised to find that his feet came with him, especially because he couldn't feel them touching the ground. It gave him a pleasant sensation of walking on air. Then he began wandering around the room, peeking slyly at the canvases stacked against the walls.

"Listen," he said at length. "I have an idea." He came across and stood before the couch, swaying gently. "Listen, my little Kalmuck."

"What?"

"I have a tremendous idea. You are my friend—my ugly little Kalmuck from Minsk—and to me you are such an artist that I would like to have a picture, a lovely picture——"

"Have them all. Take all you can find, but do not interrupt me when I am talking with your wife."

"No, no. Now listen. I mean a picture that I can have with me always . . . for ever . . . wherever I go . . . whatever happens . . . I want you to paint a picture on my skin, on my back. Then I want you to tattoo over what you have painted, so that it will be there always."

"You have crazy ideas."

"I will teach you how to use the tattoo. It is easy. A child could do it."

"I am not a child."

"*Please.*"

"You are quite mad." The painter looked up into the slow, dark, wine-bright eyes of the other man. "You are drunk and this is a drunken idea."

"We could have Josie for a model. A study of Josie upon my back. Am I not entitled to a picture of my wife upon my back?"

"No," said the girl.

"Darling Josie, *please*. Take this bottle and finish it, then you will feel more generous. It is an enormous idea. Never in my life have I had such an idea before. I shall go now and fetch the instruments. The needles and the inks. I have inks of many different colours—as many colours as you have paints, and far more beautiful. . . ." He got up from his chair and walked unsteadily, but with determination, out of the room.

In half an hour Drioli was back. "I have brought everything," he cried, waving a brown suitcase. "All the necessities of the tattooist are here in this bag."

He placed the bag on the table, opened it, and laid out the electric needles and the small bottles of coloured inks. He plugged in the electric needle, then he took the instrument in his hand and pressed a switch. The instrument made a buzzing sound, and the quarter-inch of needle that projected from the end of it began to vibrate swiftly up and down. He threw off his jacket and rolled up his left sleeve. "Now, look. Watch me and I will show you how easy it is. I will make a design on my arm, here."

His forearm was already covered with blue markings, but he selected a small clear patch of skin upon which to demonstrate.

"First, I choose my ink—let us use ordinary blue . . . and I dip the point of my needle in the ink . . . so . . . and I hold the needle up straight and I run it lightly over the surface of the skin . . . like this . . . and with the little motor and the electricity, the needle jumps up and down and punctures the skin and the ink goes in and there you are . . . see how easy it is. . . ."

The boy was intrigued. "Now let me practise a little—on your arm." With the buzzing needle, he began to draw blue lines upon Drioli's arm. "It is simple," he said. "It is like drawing with pen and ink. There is no difference except that it is slower."

"There is nothing to it. Are you ready? Shall we begin?"

"At once."

"The model!" cried Drioli. "Come on, Josie!" He was in a bustle of enthusiasm now, tottering around the room arranging everything, like a child preparing for some exciting game. "Where will you have her? Where shall she stand?"

"Let her be standing there, by my dressing-table. Let her be brushing her hair. I will paint her with her hair down over her shoulders and her brushing it."

"Tremendous. You are a genius."

RELUCTANTLY, the girl walked over and stood by the dressing-table, carrying her glass of wine with her. She struck a pose.

Drioli pulled off his shirt and stepped out of his trousers. He retained only his underpants and his socks and shoes, and he stood there swaying gently from side to side, his small body firm, strong, and almost hairless. "Now," he said, "I am the canvas. Where will you place your canvas?"

"Sit on the chair. Sit back to front, then you can lean your drunken head against the back of it. And you can put your trousers on again. You look a fool."

Drioli did as he was told.

"First," the boy said, "I shall make an ordinary painting. Then, if it pleases me, I shall tattoo over it." With a wide brush, he began to paint upon the naked skin of the man's back.

"*Ayee! Ayee!*" Drioli screamed. "A monstrous centipede is marching down my spine!"

"Be still now! Be still!" The boy worked rapidly, applying the paint only in a thin blue wash, so that it would not afterwards interfere with the process of tattooing. His concentration, as soon as he began to paint, was so great that it appeared somehow to supersede his drunkenness. He applied the brush strokes with quick, short jabs of the arm, holding the wrist stiff, and in less than half an hour it was finished.

"All right. That's all," he said to the girl, who immediately returned to the couch, lay

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ESCAPE—OR DIE: Paul Brickhill concludes the true story of the R.A.F. pilot who fought with the Dutch Resistance

A CUT-THROAT BATTLE IN THE MARSHES

There was no glamour in the grim battle in the marsh between the Dutch Resistance men and the Germans who hunted them. The ruthless creed was: shoot and expect no mercy

THE SUDDEN SIGHT of the grim, dirty faces peering up at him through the hatchway of the barge made little impact on Robert "Steve" Carson. The young R.A.F. pilot had become used to the unexpected since his Spitfire had been shot down over Holland on September 29, 1944. The speed with which he had been picked up by Dutch Resistance men and passed on to their headquarters in the marshland called the Biesbosch had bewildered him. And then had come the shock of shooting a German soldier in a skirmish a few minutes before.

He stared at the faces in the barge and turned silently to Jan, a Resistance fighter who spoke English well. "They're German deserters," said Jan. "We have thirty of them down there. This barge is our prison camp." He grinned and added, "We had to persuade some of them to desert."

A couple of the Dutchmen slipped down the hatch into the hold, commandeered some of the Germans' shirts and spent half an hour dressing the wounds of the two Germans who had been shot in the skirmish. Both were conscious and the man Carson had shot was quite cheerful. The other one, hit three times, seemed too weak to talk.

Carson had heard some growling among the Germans below, and when the Dutchmen came up they said the Germans were angry about the shootings. Apparently they did not care particularly about the two men who were shot, but merely regarded the shooting as setting a disturbing new precedent in their cloistered life.

The Dutch Resistance leader, who was called the Kommandant, said to Carson: "The Germans in the village across the Maas will have heard the shots, and when they miss the two men I think they will send soldiers to search. We are going to disperse for a day or two, but as you are really responsible for the shooting you must stay on the barge and guard them."

Neither Carson nor Parker, an American pilot who also had been picked up, found the idea appealing. "What if the Germans below start a fuss?" Carson asked. "If we have to send a couple of bullets down to keep them quiet, it'll draw any searchers pretty fast."

"I do not think these Germans will make trouble," the Kommandant said, with a faint smile. "They are safer here with us than with their own people. I assure you they know that."

When the Dutch had gone, Carson and Parker sat in the wheelhouse of the barge with rifles, taking it in turn to watch the hatch. The day passed quietly, but about an hour after dusk the German patrol came over. Carson saw the reflections of several lights bobbing over the reeds in the direction of the Maas, and a little later they heard the German shouts. For a long time they watched the lights flickering over the reeds, and gradually the lights were working nearer to them and the shouts were getting louder.

The barge was well hidden among the reeds and Parker kept saying, "They'll never find us here," but Carson thought his voice sounded a little too carefully controlled. He could hear his own heart thudding. The lights came within about two hundred yards of them and then, to his enormous relief, they seemed to be receding again and the shouts became fainter.

Carson and Parker did not leave the prison barge until, two mornings later, the Dutch arrived with food, and one of them took Carson and Parker over to the other barge, where they found the organization reassembling. The last two members arrived just after Carson, and walking in front of them with their hands clasped on their heads were two men in farm clothes. The men behind were sticking heavy pistols into the ribs of their captives and said grimly that they were Dutch Nazis.

Robert Carson (left) as he is today—an R.A.F. squadron leader instructor on Meteor jet fighters

"Tried To Run For It"

Carson, for the first time, saw the Kommandant let his feelings show; talking to the captives his voice was biting and angry, and at the end he turned away with a disgusted wave of the hand and said, "Take them to the other barge."

Several Dutchmen prodded their compatriot Nazis down the trail at pistol point, and Carson and Parker walked after them. The leaders had just vanished out of Carson's sight round a bend in the trail when a pistol suddenly cracked several times. Carson ran round the bend and saw the two Dutch Nazis lying on the track, quite dead. One of the guards said, with a grim smile, "They tried to run for it." Carson never found out whether that was the truth or not. They buried them in the reeds just off the track. Two of the Dutch, Carson noted, had been carrying trenching tools.

For two or three weeks the days passed with little incident. Carson and Parker did several nights' guard duty on the prison barge, and at

ILLUSTRATION BY ZELINSKI

The Germans had caught them in the open. Carson heard the zip-zip of bullets, and then he was diving for cover in the reeds, followed by Jan and Parker

other times they stayed on the first barge. The organization had brought in several more German deserters and now there were more than forty of them crammed into the stinking hold. Some of them had been getting restless, complaining loudly about the food and conditions. All they got was a few grubby boiled potatoes a day and sometimes some bread.

The organization itself had little more food than the Germans. They had to get it black market from surroundings farms and some of the farmers, terrified of being caught supplying them, did not always co-operate enthusiastically. Carson was hungry all the time. Now and then they had the luxury of a little sugar to sprinkle on the bread, and Carson came to think that black bread and sugar was better than any cake he had ever tasted. Parker, on the other hand, was harder to please. Every time they gave him a little sugar on his bread he used to say, "Goddam, I hate sugar," and wolf it down.

British Troops Advancing

One morning one of the Dutch came back from a food expedition and said that advancing British troops had reached Tilburg and Breda —about twenty-five miles from the Biesbosch. Carson, who had been getting more and more restless, thought that was near enough to try an all-or-nothing dash for the lines. Both he and Parker had long tired of the novelty of holding an enclave of German prisoners on German-held territory. Sick of being half-starved and hunted and covered in lice like everyone else, Carson told the Kommandant that he and Parker were going to make a dash for it, and the Kommandant said simply: "We need you here. Now that your troops are getting near we can do some things to help them."

German activity was increasing in the area, he explained, and German patrols were becoming more common in the Biesbosch. In his unemotional way he suggested that they could make the district unhealthy for the Germans by laying some ambushes. He was a strange and compelling personality, the Kommandant. It was not that he begged them to stay. He merely said that there was useful work to do—and they stayed.

Jan was immediately keen on the ambush idea and he teamed up with Carson and Parker to make one of the "task forces." They picked a spot in the reeds opposite the village across the Maas and hid there and watched. On the second morning an old Dutch duck catcher who lived in the Biesbosch panted up to them in their hiding spot and said that two German soldiers were looting his house. They went back with him, told him to keep in the background, and cautiously walked out of the path across the clearing towards the house.

The Dutchman's wife came out to the window and signalled violently. They had paused, trying to make out what she meant, when a German soldier came out of the door with a rifle. He yelled at them to walk ahead with their hands up, but the three pretended not to understand, turned and were walking away when they heard the click of the rifle bolt very clearly; the shots started as they broke into a run. Carson heard the zip-zip of a couple of bullets and then he and Parker and Jan dived into the reeds, to fall into a canal just behind. Both Germans were running down towards them now, firing into the reeds. The three tried to move farther away, but every time they moved the reeds rattled and shook on top, giving them away.

Shots Among The Reeds

The Germans were panting and tramping just behind the reeds, and then the shots started again, zipping through the reeds and tearing white furrows on the water. Sinking their bodies in the stagnant shallows, Carson and the other two watched the reeds, keeping their pistol hands above the water, waiting for the chance of a shot. Slowly they squirmed back and back until they were across the canal.

An occasional shot still came through the reeds, but the Germans were shooting blindly. After a while Carson slowly hauled himself through the reeds on the other side of the canal, and the other two crawled after him. They ran down the paths to try to intercept the two Germans on their way back to the

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OFF COURSE, LOST

by HUGH B. CAVE

His son was dead—shot down long ago. But at the sound of a plane, he would always flash his signal. Even on this terrible night, nothing could stop him

CARSTAIRS, the white-haired Resident Magistrate, approached the once prosperous Koengi Plantation with a feeling of uneasiness. He had called on Matthew Ferguson before. He knew what to expect.

Nothing was left of Koengi since the war. There wasn't a lonelier mile of coast in New Guinea—in the whole South Pacific. To be forced to spend the night here, with a man who didn't know the war was over, was asking too much even of a harassed government official.

But he soon wouldn't be a government official, Carstairs told himself. On that score his mind was made up. There was consolation in the knowledge that on returning to his post he would send in his resignation.

Nosing between tiny islets, the launch rumbled towards the plantation pier, and Carstairs scowled towards the dilapidated house on shore, knowing what would happen the moment its occupant heard the mutter of the boat's engine. Happen it did. While the launch was still a hundred feet from the dock, the house door clattered open and the old man hurried out.

In his right hand was a stick, with a white cloth tied to the end of it.

Without a glance towards the boat, Ferguson ran to the middle of the clearing and looked up. There was nothing to see, even if his straining eyes had been normal. The sky was an empty, blazing dome, shimmering with heat. Not even a cloud, unless you looked far inland to the misty peaks rising out of Papua's unmapped jungle.

Carstairs, with a sigh, spoke in pidgin to the dark-skinned native at the wheel. As the craft touched the pier, the boy cut loose with a blast of the whistle. Matthew Ferguson stopped waving his white cloth and swung about, startled, then glanced upward once more, obviously disappointed, before plodding to the shore.

They shook hands. Old Matthew led the way to the house. "I didn't hardly expect you this month, Mr. Carstairs," he said, fussing with the bottle of whisky he kept especially for the R.M.'s rare visits.

"My report this month has to be complete," Carstairs told him. "It will be the last."

"The last? You mean you're bein' shifted to another district?"

Carstairs sipped his drink. Outside the house, his launch boys were jabbering excitedly with the handful of natives who worked for Ferguson on the plantation, and he waited patiently for the racket to subside.

"I mean I'm quitting," he said then, grimly. "Twenty years of my life I've devoted to this dismal land of swamp and jungle. And for what? For nothing! It's a thankless job and a useless one. If I were contributing anything——"

A sudden rumble from the direction of the pier interrupted him. Old Matthew Ferguson

He stood in his pyjamas, oblivious of the storm that raged round him, waving his flashlight into the sky. Shouting, Carstairs rushed out to him

ILLUSTRATED BY H. GREGORY

leapt for the door. If Carstairs had not thrust out a hand, the old man would have rushed outside with his signal flag.

"Sit down," the Resident Magistrate said. "It's only my boss boy tinkering with the launch."

"I—I—thought——"

"Matthew, I've told you time and again your boy is dead. Why won't you believe me?"

Matthew sat down again. "It didn't really sound like an aeroplane, come to think of it," he said. "I have to be sure, though. Can't take any chances. Now then, what's this about you quitting your job, Mr. Carstairs?"

Carstairs sighed. This was what he had to look forward to until morning—the antics of a lunatic. Ferguson was harmless, of course, but any sort of rational conversation with him was impossible. Half-blind, frail, almost penniless, the poor fellow thought he was still living in Port Moresby back in 1942, the frightful days when the enemy was rampaging towards Australia and a handful of brave lads in tired aeroplanes struggled to turn the tide.

Ferguson's boy, Jim, had been one of those pilots. The old man himself, stationed up in the hills, had been given the job of watching for enemy planes and guiding friendly planes home when the weather turned foul and pilots lost their way.

He thought he was still doing it. He thought he was watching the sky now to flash a homing signal to his own boy.

"Yes, I'm quitting. Going home," Carstairs said. He had to talk about something, after all. "Home to Sydney, Matthew. My daughter's there, at school. It's three years since I've seen her. Three wasted years."

"Wasted. Why?"

"I've told you why! My work is meaningless. I accomplish nothing. I'm no more necessary here than—than you are."

MATTHEW FERGUSON chose to ignore the latter part of the remark. "Seems to me," he said, "you might be more important than you think. You take our soldiers. Lots of 'em would've died in the bush if it wasn't for friendly natives giving 'em a hand. And who made the natives friendly, eh? Who's responsible for bringing law and order to this dark land? Why, you—and others like you. 'Course, it's a long, slow job and you don't always see the results first-hand, but——"

They were interrupted again, this time only by one of Carstairs's boys, bringing a case of supplies up from the launch. Old Ferguson eyed the box eagerly as the boy set it down.

"I'm badly off for flashlight batteries," he said. "Hope you brought some, as I asked."

The Resident Magistrate felt like an errand boy. "Of course," he said wearily. "Of course."

It was a long evening. With the shift of the breeze at sundown, the rude house became unbearably hot and insects gathered in clouds, for the mountains at Koengi were far from the coast and the land breeze was an oven blast weighted with smells of jungle rot. Koengi, Carstairs recalled, had never been a comfortable place. Fairly prosperous, yes, before wartime neglect had ruined it, but never easy. Certainly it was no place now for a feeble old man whose pioneering days were behind him. He pitied Matthew from the bottom of his heart.

At ten the rain began. Tired of the old man's company, he went to bed. But the deluge, the rumble of thunder, and the roar of the rising wind kept him awake, and at midnight the slamming of the screen door brought him up again. He trudged out to the veranda to see what Ferguson was up to.

Half-blind the old man might be, but there was nothing wrong with his hearing. The tortured sky directly overhead throbbed with a mutter of aeroplane engines, and out in the middle of the clearing stood a ghostly figure: Ferguson, in his pyjamas, oblivious of the storm's fury, vigorously waving a flashlight. The light was a huge thing, a relic of war days, casting an orange beam high into the night.

Carstairs threw on a coat and rushed out to him, shouting. "Come to bed, Matthew! It's only the plane from Merauke! You've seen it scores of times!"

But the old man shook him off, and knowing it was useless, Carstairs returned to the house. Not until the sound in the heavens was altogether gone did the old man follow him.

IT rained all the next day, and the day after, and the day after that, while the Resident Magistrate's launch plodded homeward along the coast. Progress was slow. The Gulf of Papua is treacherous when the monsoon winds lash it, and the coast, cut to muddy ribbons by rain-swollen rivers, lies in wait to ensnare a careless craft. But on the fourth day, exhausted, battling the first chills of a new bout of fever, Carstairs reached his post. The sight of his tidy, well-kept house with the flag flying above its red roof failed to cheer him. He barely glanced at the native police boys lined up smartly to bid him welcome.

His resignation—that was all that mattered.

But waiting for him was a woman.

He looked at her in amazement. Three years ago his daughter had been a mere child, self-conscious, a bit awkward. He gazed now at a vision and clung to her hands, stunned by the transformation.

"Surprised?" she said happily. "I was in Darwin and thought I'd run over to say hallo. I've brought along someone I want you to meet." She led him inside. "Darling, this is Bill—Bill Thompson. He's in government service, too."

Carstairs knew how it was even before he released the young man's firm hand. It saddened him a little to think of his daughter planning to marry so soon. Especially to a man in government service who might very likely wind up in just such a place as this. Still, Thompson was a good-looking, clean-cut boy, obviously capable.

They were so downright happy, the pair of them, that he decided to say nothing of his impending resignation. At least, not yet. "I've had a rough trip," he told them. "I envy you two, getting here from Darwin in just a few hours' flying time."

THE two youngsters exchanged glances. Edith grimaced, and young Thompson said flatly: "We almost didn't get here at all, sir."

"Almost—what do you mean?"

"The plane put down at Merauke with some cargo. After Merauke the storm hit us, pilot lost his way in the dark, and with the fuel running low we thought were were done for. For a while I thought we had a mad pilot on our hands as well. He kept circling. Can you imagine how we felt, the plane being tossed about like a ship and the pilot *circling*? But—he knew what he was doing. He was looking for something."

Carstairs, staring at them both, said almost inaudibly, "For what?"

"A light. It seems there's a fellow on a plantation there—chap named Ferguson—who never fails to signal day or night when a plane passes over his place. His way of combating the loneliness, I suppose. Anyway, when in trouble the pilots use him for a check point and, sure enough, we saw his light under us, in the storm. It saved our lives."

Carstairs sat down, frowning into space.

"You're not a very responsive audience," his daughter complained with a mock frown.

Carstairs did not hear her. His thoughts were back at that mean, lonely plantation where old Matthew Ferguson lived with only memories for company. There was something Matthew had said, something of tremendous importance, born of a long and lonely patience.

What was it he had said? How had the old man put it?

The words came to him, almost in Matthew's cracked voice. "Seems to me you might be more important than you think. 'Course, it's a long, slow job and you don't always see the results first-hand. . . ."

Carstairs pulled himself together with an effort. His daughter's young man was speaking.

". . . and I believe they'll approve," Thompson was saying eagerly. "Of course, I'm green, but I did spend some time in New Guinea during the war and, on the strength of that, I might even win an assignment here to *your* district, sir, as patrol officer."

Carstairs stood up. Despite the fever in him, his eyes were clear.

"I could use a good man here," he said. "There's important work to be done. More important than you—and I—might sometimes think."

THE END

THE SINGER, NOT THE SONG

by

AUDREY ERSKINE LINDOP

NEXT WEEK, JOHN BULL begins exclusive world publication of a sensational new novel. It is called *The Singer, Not The Song*, by Audrey Erskine Lindop, and it is the story of a priest's temptation.

THE PRIEST is Father Michael Patrick Keogh. He is young, robust, and with a sense of humour. In Quantana, the Mexican village where he is sent, he needs all these qualities. For Quantana is corrupt; it is run by gangsters; it spurns the Church—and has a vicious way with priests.

IN MALO, the leader of the gang, Father Keogh finds an extraordinary personality—intelligent, courteous, utterly ruthless; a man who tells him, smiling, that he means to destroy him.

FROM THEN on for the priest it is a nightmare battle—of violence, blackmail and humiliation. His pitifully small congregation is terrorized, his influence undermined. But he holds on. And then comes Malo's master-stroke, the minutely conceived plan for his downfall—through Locha, the wilful, pert little girl he has seen grow to womanhood.

FATHER KEOGH is a priest—but he is a man, too. The story flares brilliantly, agonizingly, into new life. . . .

THE SINGER, NOT THE SONG is a haunting novel, destined for a huge success. Book publication, in this country and the U.S.A., is planned for next spring, and already a film version is being prepared. But first it will be presented exclusively in JOHN BULL. The first long instalment, brilliantly illustrated in full colour by William Little, begins . . .

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

Adolf Hitler (3) *Alan Bullock tells the behind-the-scenes story of the Nazi leader's rise from jailbird to Chancellor*

INTRIGUE AND TREACHERY ON HITLER'S ROAD TO POWER

OF THE FIVE YEARS' imprisonment to which Hitler was sentenced after the Munich revolt in 1923, he served little more than a year. With forty other National Socialists to keep him company in the fortress-prison of Landsberg, he lived comfortably, grew fatter, strolled in the garden dressed in leather shorts and Tyrolean jacket and received as many visitors as he wished.

He had a large and sunny room, No. 7, on the first storey, and on his thirty-fifth birthday received so many parcels and flowers that they filled several other rooms. From July, 1924, onwards he spent much of his time shut up in his room, dictating *Mein Kampf* to his secretary-batman, Emil Maurice, and to Rudolf Hess, who had voluntarily returned from Austria to share his leader's imprisonment.

At midday meals Hitler presided at the head of the table as leader of the party—apparently content in the knowledge that, outside the prison walls, the rest of the party was falling to pieces. Some of the former leaders were in prison with him; some—like Goering—had fled abroad. The others were squabbling heatedly among themselves.

Before his arrest, Hitler had managed to send a pencilled note to Alfred Rosenberg, the humorless crank of the party, saying: "Dear Rosenberg, from now on you will lead the movement." As Rosenberg himself admitted, this was a surprising choice. He had not been in the small circle of men who led the conspiracy, and he was ineffective as a leader, finding it difficult either to make up his mind or assert his authority. It was precisely the lack of these qualities which attracted Hitler: Rosenberg as his deputy would represent no danger to his own position in the party.

The result was as Hitler had planned. Banned by the Bavarian Government, pulled this way and that by a dozen different fanatics peddling a dozen different hatreds, the party fell into such a decline that the Bavarian Government, on December 20, 1924, considered it safe to order Hitler's release on parole.

A car from Munich drew up at the gate of Landsberg Prison. Hitler, cap in hand and raincoat belted over his shorts, paused for his photograph to be taken. An hour or two later he walked up the stairs of No. 41 Thierschstrasse to the two rooms that he rented at the top of the house: he was home for Christmas.

For the next five years, he ploughed the sand. By the time he was released from prison, Germany had already begun to struggle out of its postwar depression, and the years from 1925 to 1929 were the brief hey-day of the Weimar

January 30, 1933 : The struggle for power is over, triumph is at hand. Hitler, the newly proclaimed German Chancellor, salutes a Berlin crowd from a hotel, watched by his jubilant henchman, Goering

Hitler (left) in Landsberg jail, 1924. In a large sunny "cell" he entertained visitors, spent his thirty-fifth birthday, and dictated his book, *Mein Kampf*, to fellow prisoner Rudolf Hess (right)

After the August, 1932, elections, Hitler takes an oath of allegiance from Nazi M.P.s. On his

Republic. Hitler found few to listen to his shrill prophesies of disaster. The organization and membership of the party were improved—for Hitler never lost confidence that his time would come—but until the end of the 1920s, with no more than twelve Nazi seats in the Reichstag, he remained one of the lesser figures of German politics, part of the lunatic fringe not taken very seriously outside Bavaria.

But in 1929 the crack came in German prosperity, and by 1930 the country was in the throes of the world depression, which hit Germany harder than any other country. The unemployment figures tell the story: more than a million in the autumn of 1929, at the beginning of 1932 they had passed the six million mark.

Despair On Street Corners

Translate these figures into terms of men standing hopelessly on the street corners of every industrial town in Germany; of homes without food or warmth; of boys and girls leaving school without any chance of a job, and one begins to understand the anxiety, despair and bitterness stored up in the minds of millions of ordinary German men and women. It was not only the working class which was hit. Shopkeepers, clerks, small business men, the less successful lawyers and doctors, retired people living on their savings, were all threatened with the loss not only of their livelihood but of their respectability.

Like men and women in a town stricken by earthquake, millions of Germans saw the solid framework of their existence cracking and crumbling. In such circumstances, men are less amenable to the arguments of reason than to the emotions of fear, anger and hate which Hitler knew how to rouse. He began to attract a mass following as never before.

Sensing that the tide was beginning to flow in their favour, the Nazis were on the offensive all through 1930. The brown-shirted S.A. kept up a campaign of systematic rowdiness, breaking up the other parties' meetings, staging demonstrations and rallies, conducting a series of street fights with the Communists. When elections were held in September, Hitler flung himself into the task of winning the votes of those who had been hardest hit by the slump, especially among the middle classes. What he offered them was their own brand of extremism—radical, anti-Semitic, against the big capitalists and department stores, but at the same time (unlike the Communists) nationalist, pan-German, against Versailles, reparations and the French.

By the violent attacks he made on "the System" by which Germany had been run since the war, Hitler gave expression to all the pent-up resentment his audiences felt; at the same time, he gave them hope, and brought them to their feet cheering and stamping with the promise of action instead of talk.

When the election results came out, Hitler was staggered. He had hoped at most for fifty or sixty seats in the Reichstag: he got 107. From just over 800,000 in 1928, his vote had leapt to just under six and a half millions, making his party the second in the State.

Nazism was a revolutionary movement. If ever the Nazis got power, they could be relied upon to turn the State upside down. But Hitler meant to come to power, not by revolution but by legal means. He was too impressed by the power of the State, backed by the army, to risk defeat in the streets as he had, against his better judgment, in November, 1923. Hitler's aim was a revolution with the power of the State, including the police and the army, on his side. But revolution was not the means of securing such power; that had to be obtained legally.

"It is not for seats in Parliament that we fight," Hitler declared on the morrow of the election, "but we win seats in Parliament in order that one day we may be able to liberate the German people."

Hitler had a particular reason for laying stress on the legality of his aims: he was anxious at all costs not to alienate the army leaders who, through their influence on the Reich President, old Field Marshal Hindenburg, would always have the final word in German politics.

Clever But Dangerous Game

This was a clever game to play, and Hitler reaped the reward when the army, already strongly attracted by the nationalist and militarist spirit he was awakening in German youth, supported his assumption of power in 1933. But it was also a dangerous game. For the great attraction of the Nazi Party to most of those who joined it was precisely its revolutionary character. Hitler had to be careful that, in pursuing his tactics of legality, he did not compromise his leadership in the eyes of his own followers.

The danger point was the Nazi Storm troop formation, the S.A., which looked on the street fights it carried on in every big city in 1930-32 as dress-rehearsals for the day when it would march on Berlin and capture power by force.

One of the most remarkable features of German politics between 1930 and 1933 was the existence of private political armies: the Social

MORE PRAISE FROM THE CRITICS

ALAN BULLOCK'S book, *Hitler: A Study In Tyranny*, on which these articles are based, continues to be acclaimed by the critics. Lindley Fraser, head of the B.B.C. German Service, writes in *The Spectator*:

"This impressive and well-written book will doubtless remain the standard life of Hitler for many years to come. The author writes extremely well, steers his narrative confidently through the tangle of facts . . . remains objective and restrained in spite of the evilness of his subject."

George Murray in the *Daily Mail* calls it "an exhaustive and absorbing narrative." The *Daily Herald* writes: "Mr. Bullock's book, the first complete life of Hitler, assembles all the known facts . . . clear and compelling narrative."

In *The Observer*, Harold Nicholson describes the book as "a work of historical value and excellent balance." He writes: "The story of Adolf Hitler will be exposed to various distortions. It is fortunate, therefore, that, at this early stage, a book should be written providing an objective account, enabling posterity to judge without bias or emotion."

Alan Bullock, the Oxford historian and broadcaster

left is Gregor Strasser, soon to be accused by Hitler of trying to steal the party leadership

Von Papen with General Schleicher, whose unscrupulous intrigues made Papen Chancellor in 1932. The two men were to fall out. Their attempts to double-cross each other helped Hitler to power

Democrat *Reichsbanner*, the Nationalist *Stahlhelm* and, most powerful of all, the street fighters of the Communists and the Nazis. Night after night, the S.A. and the Communists marched in columns down the streets, singing their party songs, breaking up rival meetings, beating up opponents and raiding each other's "territory."

It was in the course of one of these gang feuds in February, 1930, that a young Berlin S.A. leader, Horst Wessel, was shot by the Communists. He was skilfully built up by Goebbels into the prototype of the martyred Nazi idealist, whose verses provided the S.A. with their marching song, the famous "Horst Wessel Lied."

As the unemployment figures rose, the number of recruits to the S.A. mounted. Anything was better than loafing on the street corner, and the S.A. offered a meal and a uniform, companionship and something exciting to do. By 1932, this private army numbered half a million men. Hitler's insistence on legality might be good tactics, but it carried little conviction with the Storm-troopers. Just before the elections of September, 1930, the Berlin S.A. mutinied and smashed up the Berlin headquarters of the party. Their real grievance was their pay, but undercurrents of discontent against the party leadership also came to the surface.

Soft-soaping The Rowdies

Hitler had to intervene personally. He levied a special tax for the S.A. on the whole party, came at once to Berlin and drove round one beer-hall after another, appealing to the Storm-troopers, promising them better pay, telling them that the party was on the eve of great victories, and assuring them that in future bad leaders (on whom he threw all the blame) would not be allowed to come between him and the faithful rank-and-file. At the end of an exhausting night, Hitler had restored his authority.

He took over the command of the S.A. himself and brought back Ernst Roehm, then serving as a soldier of fortune in the Bolivian Army, to act as Chief of Staff. But the problem remained, and before it was solved, Roehm and the other leaders of the S.A. were to lose their lives—at Hitler's hands.

To run a political machine and a private army on the scale the Nazi movement had assumed by 1931 obviously cost money. A good deal of the funds came from the movement itself—from membership dues; from the sale of party newspapers and literature; from the admission charges and collections at big meetings. There were also subsidies from interested supporters.

There were many people who were eager to bring Hitler and the men who had money to spend on politics into touch with each other. Among them was Goering, the wartime fighter pilot who made a living as a sales agent for aircraft firms, and now took a smart flat in Berlin. Here he introduced Hitler to bankers like Dr. Schacht, the ex-president of the Reichsbank, and Fritz Thyssen, the wealthy steel-king from the Ruhr.

The main support for the Nazis came from a powerful group of coal and steel magnates in the Ruhr and the Rhineland, such men as Emil Kirdorf, the biggest figure in the German coal industry, or Fritz Thyssen and Albert Voegler of the large United Steelworks combine.

In January, 1932, Hitler went to Duesseldorf, the centre of Germany's steel industry, and talked to the Industry Club after lunch at the Park Hotel. By the time he had finished, two and a half hours later, Hitler had his audience cheering enthusiastically, and considerable sums began to flow into the Nazi treasury.

As the army officers saw in Hitler the man who promised to restore Germany's military power, so the industrialists came to see in him the man who would defend their interests against the threat of Communism and help to destroy the power of the trade unions and the working-class movement. But if they thought they had bought Hitler and would henceforth call the tune, they were to be sadly disillusioned. They were to discover, like the generals, that, contrary to popular belief, bankers and business men are too innocent for politics when it is played by a man like Hitler.

Six million votes made Hitler a major political figure, but even when he doubled that figure in the 1932 elections, the Nazis were still short of a majority in the Reichstag. On the other hand, Hitler was anxious to avoid the risks of seizing power by force.

The Key To State Power

Fortunately for him, there was a third way by which he might get power. In face of the depression, it had proved impossible to go on patching together the coalition ministries by which Germany had been governed since the war, and from the middle of 1930 the Chancellor, Bruening, no longer relied on a majority in the Chamber but passed the measures he wanted by Presidential decree, a device permitted by the Constitution in case of emergency.

That meant, in effect, that the key to power lay with the President and his little group of advisers, who decided whether the President should sign the decrees the Chancellor put in front of him. If Hitler could persuade them to put that key into his hands, he would be made.

Hitler had two cards to play. The big success he had won at the elections was a promise of the support he would be able to bring to the Government if he was bought in, while the

Continued on page 32

WINDOM'S WAY

by ***JAMES RAMSEY ULLMAN***

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

Anna was dead—the news left Windom appalled. Then he learnt the sickening truth: Lee had betrayed her

SCRATCHED, BLEEDING, almost dropping with exhaustion, Dr. Alec Windom stumbled through the jungle undergrowth. He had escaped from the Communist camp in the hills to carry momentous news to Papaan below. The Communists planned to swarm down and attack.

Windom, an American doctor who had given up a lucrative New York practice to run the jungle hospital, was a broken man. He had seen this clash coming—had warned against it, had worked to prevent it. Stupidity and ignorance had beaten him.

The rubber plantation owners had kept the natives repressed, and branded as a Communist anyone who tried to better his lot. And the inevitable revolt had come. The plantation was burnt, police were killed and the mob had taken over.

Windom had used all his authority to persuade Jan Vidal, the workers' leader, to restore order. He promised to plead their cause when the

expected Government troops arrived. And he had done so. From Commissioner Belhedron he had a guarantee that no reprisals would be taken against those who had taken part in the revolt.

Believing Belhedron, Windom had gone into the hills to contact Jan Vidal and his men—they had fled there before the troops arrived. He had taken with him Dai Lollivar, the lazy, timid mayor.

Then had come the first shock: they were met by armed men and marched off as captives. Vidal's men had joined the army of Than-kar, the "Red bandit." With horror, Windom heard the summary trial of Lollivar as an "enemy of the people"—and his immediate execution.

Windom managed to escape. Papaan must hear news of the coming attack. He did not know that Belhedron had already gone back on his word and planned to attack himself. He did not know that Anna, his adoring young head nurse at the hospital, had got wind of the plan and had taken to the hills to warn him. He did not know, either, that she had told his wife, drink-fuddled Lenore . . . and that Lenore, hating his political rôle, had tipped off Belhedron to stop Anna. . . .

FINAL INSTALMENT

Night In The Jungle

FOR perhaps an hour Windom crept through tangled darkness. He had neither light nor knife. Branches lashed his face, thorns tore at his clothing, and his feet slipped and stumbled in the dark ooze of the jungle floor. But it was not of these things that he was thinking. It was not even of wild animals or of the possibility that he was being followed, but only that he must not get lost.

Whenever there seemed a choice of route he bore left, and still farther left and, at last, with a great surge of relief, he came out on to the thin lifeline of the trail.

A half-mile, he knew, was already well behind him. No light or sound broke the dark stillness. For a few minutes he rested, patting his torn face with what was left of his handkerchief, drawing in deep breaths of the damp fetid air. Then he rose and moved on.

He would continue all night, he had decided. He would go on without stopping until daylight and then rest during the morning. But even on the path the going was hard and treacherous. He tripped and fell over roots; the mud sucked at his boots; in another hour his legs were heavy as iron and his body trembled with fatigue. Keep going, he thought.

Then he fell again. This time he struck against something hard, and his side ached as if the ribs had been shattered into fragments. Dragging himself into the brush, he sat on a patch of moss with his back against a tree trunk. He would rest for ten minutes, he thought. . . .

When he reopened his eyes it was morning.

His first sensation was that of fear, but when he crept out on to the trail there was nothing to be seen, and when he listened he heard no sound. Back under the tree, he opened his pack, found a mouldy half-loaf of bread and forced himself to eat it. Then, rising again, he slung on the pack, but in the next moment realized it was empty, and took it off again.

Looking down at himself, he saw that his clothes were ragged and filthy—filthier even than Lollivar's had been when they had dragged him off to his death. Not only his ribs ached now, but his whole body, and the exposed parts of his flesh were covered with cuts and welts. He had fallen asleep without taking his boots off, and his feet felt like bloated clubs.

Then he was on the trail again, stumbling, lurching, picking his way endlessly among the roots and stumps and muck-holes. It had begun to rain again—and apparently he had left his raincape with the empty pack—but it did not matter. Even before the rain, his clothes and body could not have been more soaked if he had been swimming a river.

HE had no idea how much later it was that he was brought up with a jolt. He had descended a steep pitch in the trail, rounded a turn, and now suddenly came out on an open level place, overlooking a valley. It was the same place, he realized instantly, at which he and Lollivar had been intercepted on their way up, and he stopped in his tracks, filled with momentary panic. This time, however, there was no one there. Hillside and valley spread empty to the horizon. Hurrying on, he passed the open place and re-entered the forest on its downhill side.

At the bottom of the slope he stopped and rested again. This time he rested for a long while, closing his eyes and drawing slow, deliberate breaths, and when he arose his legs felt a little stronger, his head a little clearer. . . . Then on again. . . . And now his pace, too, was slower and more deliberate. He counted his steps: to a hundred, five hundred, a thousand. Then he began over again. Not once in two thousand steps did he slip or stumble, and not once did he look back over his shoulder. The beat of his heart was almost normal. For the first time he knew that he was going to make it.

And for the first time, too, his thoughts moved ahead. It would be—when?—with luck, the next day around noon that he would reach the head of the valley. Then another two hours in a jeep to Papaan. Would they still be expecting him to arrive with Jan and his men? Or had word somehow filtered through of what had happened—of what was *going* to happen . . . ? In three days the Reds would be moving along this same trail. In four they would be in the valley.

I am not a Communist, ladies and gentlemen, he said to all the people in his thoughts. I am only a fool. I am only a juggler of pills and forceps, and now that I have tried to be something else, you have seen what has happened.

I am sorry, Lee. Sorry, Anna. Sorry, Commissioner.

I am sorry, Dai Lollivar.

Tiredness flowed in a dark wave through his body and mind. Sitting down by the path, he closed his eyes. And when he opened them again a figure was standing beside him.

"My doctor. . . ."

"Kosti!"

"I have found you, my doctor. . . ."

THE boy stood in the trail, looking down at him, his small body almost trembling with excitement. He was wearing heavy boots and carried a pack on his back, and his clothes, like Windom's, were plastered with jungle mud.

"Since the sun rose, I have been following the trail," he said. "And I thought I had missed you." His quick eyes flicked along the path. "The others, my doctor—where are they?"

"The others?" said Windom dully.

"Jan and the men. They are not with you?"

"No, they aren't with me."

"They are not ahead of you? By another trail, maybe—already in the valley?"

Windom shook his head, and the boy showed his relief. "That is good, my doctor. It is why I have come, you see. To tell them they must not go. That they must stay away. You do not know yet, my doctor, but since you have gone from Papaan there are evil things that have happened."

Suddenly Kosti did something Windom had never seen him do. He began to cry. At first he half turned away, struggling for control, but then it went beyond control, and with a muffled sob he flung himself down with his face against Windom's shoulder.

"Kosti—Kosti. . . ."

At last the boy's sobbing subsided and Kosti raised a twisted, tear-stained face. "I am sorry, my doctor," he murmured. "It is for girls to cry so; not men. But it was so terrible—what they would do to Jan. What they have done to Anna."

Windom's body stiffened. His hand gripped the boy's shoulder. "Anna?" he said. "What do you mean—Anna?"

"I will tell you, my doctor." Kosti's lips were quivering; his voice broke, but he did not cry again. "Two nights ago I am outside the bungalow and I see a coolie woman climbing over the wall of the compound. I run after her and ask what she is doing, and then I see it

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On the airstrip, the plane gleamed in the sunlight. As Windom helped her out of the jeep, Lee turned her face away. "I—I can't do it, Alec," she whispered. "I can't leave you like this"

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

MOTHER nearly put her head in the gas oven when we were born—or so she says. She had three girls already, and did not bargain for two more at once.

We twins were always getting mixed up, and many a time one of us was given two bottles of milk while the other went hungry, because father never knew which he had fed. Actually, we are not *exactly* alike, because one of us has two tiny moles on her face and the other is left-handed.

About the time this picture was taken—with an uncle on leave from the Navy—we were a little easier to distinguish because we were six and our teeth were falling out in different patterns. But when we look at it now we have to argue a minute before we can sort ourselves out.

Our parents could never find out which of us had been naughty. We alibied for each

other and, of course, no one could ever be certain who was seen raiding the larder or climbing the tree. In the end, our parents adopted the method of tanning us both to ensure that the naughty one had been punished. It came out about even in the end.

We were always pretty good at sport, and were captain and vice-captain of the school netball team. But we did not pick up a table-tennis bat until we were fourteen-and-a-half. That was at the local youth club at Greenford, Middlesex, where we live. We quickly became good at it, and played in the boys' team. In those days we used to play in stockings and high heels. Fantastic!

Then someone suggested we ought to take our table-tennis seriously. We did and, within three years, had won the world women's doubles championship.

Whether it is by telepathy or not, we always know just what the other is going to do when we are playing together. And occasionally at home we start singing the same song at the same moment.

Telepathy would have been useful when one of us fell through thin ice into a pond. As it was, the one who fell in nearly drowned because no one would take a chance on the ice to rescue her, while the other, back at school, knew and felt nothing.

For the names of these twin table-tennis champions, turn to page 39

is not a coolie woman but Nurse Anna, wearing old clothes like for work in the rice paddies. What is she doing, I ask again, and at first she will not tell me, and then she does—that she is going into the hills to find you and Jan. She says the people from the government have changed their minds. That they will no longer talk with Jan and the men when they come back, but will shoot and kill them. And that she must find them and stop them before it is too late."

The boy paused and drew a slow, trembling breath.

"Go on," said Windom.

"I say that I will go with her, but she says no. Then I say please—please; I beg; I say such a trip a woman cannot make unless there is a man, too. And at last she says yes. I get my boots and some food, and we climb over the wall and go through the back streets, and soon we find a farmer who is going back late in his ox-cart, up the valley, and he says he will take us, and we get in."

Windom's hand was still on Kosti's shoulder, no longer grasping it, but flat and nerveless. Inside him now there seemed no longer blood and bone, but only hollowness, and, within the hollowness, the deep, measured pounding of his heart.

"So we ride out of the village," the boy continued. "We are on the road along the river, and it is dark, and we think we are all right. But then ahead we see a whole line of soldiers across the road, and they say stop, they are looking for someone, and they come nearer, with lights and guns, and they see Anna. . . . Then we are running. . . . Before they can hold us we are away from the cart and across the road and into the long grass that grows beside it, and quick, we are out of sight. Shots come wild through the grass, but they cannot see us. We are safe—but then we stop and look and there comes one more shot and Nurse Anna falls, and when I bend down there is blood all over her throat, and——"

"She was dead?"

Kosti could not look at him.

"Yes, she was dead. For a few minutes I wait beside her, to make sure. Then I hear the soldiers coming and I move. They go left, and I go right, and then I come to a paddy where is water and I. . . ."

The thin, low voice went on. Windom sat as he was: numbed, neither speaking nor moving.

The next morning, they picked up the jeep at the head of the valley. The rain had stopped, and around them, as they drove down towards Papaan, the hills rose green and glittering into the cloudless air. There was no traffic on the road. Not an ox-cart, not a mule, not a person—nothing.

After an hour the valley began to broaden. The ground fell away steeply before them, and, rounding a sharp turn on a hillside, they could see in the distance the blue miles of the ocean. A little later they passed the point where the plantation road forked off into the forest, and then they were on open, level ground beside the brown flow of the river.

"Oh, look, my doctor. . . ."

Kosti was pointing to the left, away from the river, across the flat acres of the rice paddies. Or, rather, at what had been the paddies a few days before; for now the water had been drained from them, the earth was cracked and bare, and the slender rice shoots stood withering under the flaming sun.

Windom looked briefly and turned his eyes away.

THEY came to a farmhouse, a clump of trees, a curve—and beyond the curve, suddenly, a military truck standing broadside across the road. As the jeep slowed and stopped, a half-dozen armed soldiers came out from behind the truck, followed a moment later by what was apparently the officer in charge. Approaching, he stopped beside the jeep. His narrowed eyes looked first at Windom, then at Kosti, then back at Windom.

"You are the doctor?" he asked.

"Yes," said Windom.

The officer looked off down the road. "You are alone?" he asked.

"Yes."

"There are no others behind you?"

"No."

The officer was silent for a moment; then he spoke a few words to his men. One of them got into the truck and drove it to the side of the road, and two others climbed into the back seat of the jeep.

The officer nodded. Windom put the jeep in gear and they moved on slowly past the truck. Behind it, two machine guns had been set up, one on either side of the road. Their crews squatted on the grass beside them, and, farther on, were still more troops—two ragged rows of small, expressionless men in faded khaki, sitting along the roadside with their rifles on their knees.

They moved through another empty stretch. Then they passed a second road-block and entered the village. Here at last there were a few civilians in evidence: men standing in doorways, women watching from their windows, scattered children playing in the streets and alleyways. But all normal activity seemed to be suspended. Most of the shops were shut. No vehicles or animals moved through the streets, and at every corner were two sentries with bayonets fixed to their rifles.

Once there was a shrill cry—"Doctor, Doctor!"—and a woman waved at him from a window. A man here and there gestured silently. But most of the villagers simply watched with impassive faces, their eyes fixed not on Windom, but on the two guards in the back of the jeep.

Then they passed through the gate into the hospital compound, and Windom drove towards the bungalow. One of the guards tapped his shoulder and pointed to the hospital building, but he paid no attention.

"To the hospital," the soldier said. "To the commissioner."

"First," said Windom, "I am going to see my wife."

He stopped the jeep in front of the bungalow and got out, followed by Kosti. The two guards made as if to stop him, but he ignored them and went up the steps on to the porch. The porch was empty. So was the living-room. Crossing it, he entered the bedroom.

The curtains were drawn and the light was dim. Lenore lay on her cot—motionless, face down—and at first he thought she was asleep. But as he came closer and stood looking down at her, she turned slightly and her hand went out to him. Taking it, he sat down beside her.

"I'm back, Lee."

SHE didn't answer, and for a moment simply lay as she was, while her hand tightened on his. Then she turned the whole way and looked at him, and with a shock he saw her face. It seemed at the same time swollen and strangely shrunken. Her eyes were blurred and lustreless; her lips twisted, as if with pain.

"You're sick——" he said.

She shook her head.

Getting up, he went into the bathroom and took a thermometer from the cabinet. When he returned with it she had pulled herself to a sitting position and was slowly pressing her hands back over her face and hair.

"Come on," he said. "Doctor's orders."

She shook her head again.

"Lee, behave!"

"Yes—behave. . . ." Her dull eyes stared at him and suddenly the twisted lips seemed to be smiling. "Love, honour and behave—that's it," she said. "And I have, Alec. Look and see. . . . The perfect doctor's wife, that's me. No need for a thermometer; no need for a diagnosis. Because I've made it for you, I've saved it for you. Look and see. . . ." She pointed. "All nice and neat beside the bed."

Windom went around to the far side of the cot. There on the floor were five empty gin bottles.

"Good God, Lee——"

"Aren't they pretty?" she said. "All in a row. So nice and shiny."

"How could you——"

"Yes, of course: how could I? That's what you used to say: how could I? All right, I'll give the old answer. I don't know how I could. But I did."

Windom did not look at her. He looked at the bottles and then away at the bare floor, and then he closed his eyes and for an instant

Continued on page 26

Aage Thaarup tries on one of his models. For Royal hats, there are rules : brims may not shade the face ; colour and design must photograph well

Aage Thaarup, gay genius of the Queen's hats

by MURIEL SEGAL

The designer of exclusive models for Royalty also turns out hats in thousands for the £5 customers. They all follow his pet maxim: a hat should make a woman happy

WHEN AAGE THAARUP, the Queen's hat-maker, arrived at his hotel in Melbourne during a recent tour of Australia, he put a large cardboard hat-box on the table and sank into an armchair to rest. He was soon disturbed by a young reporter. Would Mr. Thaarup please design a hat for him now, on the spot?

Aage Thaarup, a gentle, good-humoured Dane, explained that he did not work like that. Ordinarily, he picks up an idea from something he sees around him. But the reporter would not be put off. "Well, at least let me see some of your new designs," he begged, opening the hat-box despite Thaarup's protests. Out tumbled a heap of Thaarup's soiled shirts.

The young man looked so crestfallen that Thaarup consented to accompany him along Flinders Street in search of an inspiration. As they walked, the milliner suddenly stopped and pointed up to the dome of the Public Library. "That's the hat," he said. Within three hours he had fashioned out of grey peach bloom felt a hat which at his next show sold twenty per cent more than any other model.

One of the world's top-ranking hat-makers, forty-six year old Aage Thaarup (pronounced Arga Tar-rup) is brisk and youthful looking with unruly greying hair, lively blue eyes and a bow tie.

Round The World For Ideas

His talent for designing fashionable hats has taken him from an errand boy's job in Copenhagen to a Mayfair salon, from which he is frequently summoned by the Queen and the Queen Mother. But he still travels round the world studying hat habits, and getting fresh ideas. "Even when I stopped for a few days in Honolulu for a little holiday, I found I could learn something about my trade. I was introduced to a local hat maker, Coconut Willie, and spent every morning sitting beside him on Waikiki Beach, learning how to make the native hats of plaited fibre. When I got back to London, I turned them into summer hats which my clients bought to wear at beach resorts all over the world. Some even wore them in Honolulu."

Thaarup has been making hats for the Queen Mother since the prewar years. The first spring hat he made her was in 1938; it was trimmed with artificial vegetables, realistic-looking tomatoes and half-opened peapods.

When the present Queen, then Princess Elizabeth, deputized for her father at the Trooping the Colour ceremony, Thaarup suggested that the traditional bearskin might be too heavy for her. Instead, he made a tricorn of brushed-up felt. But when it was shown to King George, he was doubtful whether a tricorn would look

At home . . .

taste the fruit!

Evening, and the gleam of friendly lamplight . . . time, at last, to relax for a few quiet, happy hours. As you read, knit, listen-in or watch T.V., add pleasure to pleasure. Enjoy the flavour of fruit at its sun-drenched best – Rowntree's Fruit Gums – soothing, refreshing . . . and long-lasting!

suitable when worn with a Guards uniform. "Let's see it with a horse," he temporized. In the courtyard of the Palace, the Princess mounted her horse; after some reflection the King agreed that it was permissible.

Thaarup was called in for consultation over the fitting of the Imperial State Crown, which the Queen will wear during her Coronation drive. The Crown was sent to Buckingham Palace from the Jewel House at the Tower of London, for the Queen to try it on, so that it could be altered to fit her.

There are rules to be followed for the Queen's milliner. Brims may not shade the face, dipping feathers and other side decoration must be avoided so that the crowds can see her face, and colour and design have to be definite so that the hats come out clearly in photographs.

Thaarup always tells his clients, even the Royal Family, if he thinks that a style or colour does not suit them. "When I was an apprentice in a Paris millinery salon, I was told to take a roll of blue velvet to the showroom. The customer, a tall, elegant woman, tried the colour near her face. 'Too blue for your eyes, Madam,' I told her. She laughed and agreed, but afterwards I got a sharp dressing down for my impertinence. She was the Queen of Spain. Years later, Queen Ena used to come to my London salon, but I still had to tell her which shade of blue to wear."

Fortune Seeking On £6

Although he lived in Copenhagen until he was seventeen, Thaarup speaks English with hardly a trace of an accent. As a boy, he badly injured his leg in a football match, and he still limps as a result. He went up to receive first prize at the Copenhagen School of Commerce on crutches, and the school president, who was also head of a store, was struck by the youngster's courage, and offered him a job. The only vacancy was for an errand boy in the millinery department. Thaarup took it.

When he had saved £6 and was nearly nineteen, he set off to see the world. "I was a funny looking little guy at that age, and still am," is his description of himself.

Eventually he arrived in London, and a few weeks later, when he was having a drink in a pub, he got talking to some Army officers home on leave from India. "One of them asked what my job was. When I answered, 'I make ladies' hats,' they told me that their wives could never find hats in India, and suggested I should go out and supply them."

After a few more drinks, Thaarup decided to take a chance. He borrowed enough money to pay his passage and, with a little over to buy materials and shapes, sailed for Bombay.

During the trip he prepared the stock of hats he hoped to sell on arrival. His great problem was the fact that he could not sew—"It still takes me hours even to thread a needle." This was solved by nine girls on board, who thought it great fun to stitch the hats their amusing young fellow-passenger designed.

Wives Were Delighted

The officers had not exaggerated. Their wives and daughters were delighted with a change from floppy straws or topees. The hat-starved *memsahibs* flowed in.

When, just before the annual garden party, half-mourning was ordered for the death of a member of the Spanish royal family, the fashionable women of Delhi flocked into Thaarup's room above a greengrocer's shop, demanding black-trimmed hats. The rush of business brought him enough money to shut up shop and return to Europe.

In London, the young Dane did not find success so easy. One day he wandered into a show of Cecil Beaton's photographs of beautiful women. "Some of them wore dreadful hats. I wrote to Beaton and suggested making photogenic hats for his sitters." Beaton replied that next week he intended to photograph Lili Damita, the actress, and that it would be a good opportunity to submit a hat. Miss Damita was delighted with the Thaarup model and she sent Gloria Swanson along to buy a hat for her new film. "Miss Swanson bought twenty-five."

Thaarup's pet maxim is: "A hat must make a woman happy." Four years ago, he decided that few younger women could still afford his exclusive model hats, which start at fifteen guineas. He opened a factory at Luton, where he now turns out 800 hats a week; they are seventy-five per cent hand-made and sell in the shops for under £5.

The Thaarup Family Hat

Among the designs is "the older woman's beret," which is known in his family simply as "The Hat." It was first designed for his mother many years ago. She had dreaded falling into the error of "not being her age." So, during one Christmas in Copenhagen, Aage worked out a soft and sophisticated beret to flatter her face. Now he gets a message from Denmark every few months—"Please send me one in navy blue," "Please send another to wear with my new black coat." Aage does not have to ask which hat she means.

Although his list of film star clients reads like a Hollywood *Who's Who*, it includes only one male customer, Charles Laughton. Thaarup made his headgear for the film *Rembrandt*. "I did not know what I had let myself in for. Like all good actors, Laughton was so pernickity that I had to go to Holland and study every beret and turban which Rembrandt ever wore."

When a customer first goes to Thaarup, he takes her hips into account as well as her face and personality. "A tiny hat may look well on a woman when she is sitting down, but when she stands up it may be obvious that she needs a wide hat to balance her hips."

In a broadcast from Brisbane, Thaarup discussed "what sort of hat attracts a man." He said that men seemed to prefer big, feminine-looking hats. Soon he received a letter from Oklahoma, U.S.A.: "Dear Mr. T., I followed your advice and made me a big floppy hat, but had no response; only widowers and men pushing prams looked at me. So I made another and bigger hat. No luck. Finally, I made a Chinese-coolie hat. Still no luck. You said a big hat is attractive to men. Now, Mr. T., I haven't succeeded. Do you think it's my hats or me?"

As he can neither sew nor draw, Thaarup "thinks out a hat" and then starts moulding and draping a shape. To fix a difficult shape he will, without any self-consciousness, stick a hat on his head and peer at himself in his ornate mirror. But ordinarily he does not wear a hat. "I have only possessed two in my life, and one of those I wore only once."

Quick-fire Misfire

He likes to rehearse the models who are to show his "collection" to buyers and fashion experts. Recently, on his travels, a lady mayoress asked him to put on a show at her club. He turned up early to see the mannequins the committee had picked. They were not alluring, but Thaarup shrugged his shoulders and put in half an hour's 'quick-fire work: "Smile, say 'cheese,' heads up, proud of your hats, bosoms out, buttocks in, swing hips, try once again."

At last he went out to wash. At the door, the startled secretary grabbed him. "Oh, Mr. Thaarup, what have you done? Those are our leading organizers. Mr. Thaarup, those ladies don't *have* bosoms and buttocks."

Now successful and wealthy, he can afford to tell stories against himself. He recounts that his close competitor, Hugh Beresford, always likes him to go round and pass judgment on the new season's hats before they are shown.

"Beresford asked me round as usual just as he was finishing his last collection. I pointed to one of the new flower-pot shapes and said: 'You can't possibly show that. It's a shocker, it stinks!' Later, Beresford showed me his books to prove that it had sold far better than any in the whole group. He says that he told the buyer of a large store: 'This is the one Aage Thaarup said stinks,' and he bought it right away." THE END

"I gave him away!"

THE WOMAN WHO NEVER DIED

Continued from page 11

down without a word and fell asleep.

Drioli remained awake. He watched the boy take up the needle and dip it in the ink; then he felt the sharp tickling sting as it touched the skin of his back. The pain, unpleasant but never extreme, kept him from going to sleep.

The boy worked with an astonishing intensity. He appeared to have become completely absorbed in the little machine and in the unusual effects it was able to produce. Far into the small hours of the morning the machine buzzed and the boy worked. Drioli could remember that when the artist finally stepped back and said: "It is finished," there was daylight outside and the sound of people walking in the street.

"I want to see it," Drioli said. The boy held up a mirror, at an angle, and Drioli craned his neck to look.

"Good God!" he cried. It was a startling sight. The whole of his back, from the top of his shoulders to the base of the spine, was a blaze of colour—gold and green and blue and black and scarlet. The tattoo was applied so heavily it looked almost like an impasto.

The boy had followed, as closely as possible, the original brush strokes, filling them in solid, and it was marvellous the way he had made use of the spine and the protrusion of the shoulder-blades so that they became part of the composition. What was more, he had somehow managed to achieve—even with his slow process—a certain spontaneity. The portrait was quite alive; it contained much of that twisted, tortured quality so, characteristic of Tichine's other work. It was not a good likeness. It was a mood rather than a likeness, the model's face vague and ethereal, the background swirling around her head in a mass of dark green curling strokes.

"It's tremendous!"

"I rather like it myself." The boy stood back, examining it critically. "You know," he added, "I think it's good enough for me to sign." And, taking up the buzzer again, he inscribed his name, in red ink, on the right-hand side, over the place where Drioli's kidney was. . . .

DRIOLI stood in a sort of trance, staring at the painting in the window of the picture-dealer's shop. It had been so long ago—almost as though it had happened in another life.

And the boy? What had become of him? He could remember that after returning from the war—the first war—he had missed him and questioned Josie.

"Where is my little Kalmuck?"

"He is gone," she had answered. "I do not know where, but I heard it said that a dealer had taken him up and sent him away to Céret to make more paintings."

"Perhaps he will return."

"Perhaps he will. Who knows?"

That was the last time they had mentioned him. Shortly afterwards, they had moved to Le Havre, where there were more sailors and business was better. Every day, three, four, five sailors coming and wanting pictures on their arms. The old man smiled. Those were truly the pleasant years.

Then had come the second war, and Josie being killed, and the Germans arriving, and that was the finish of his business. No one had wanted pictures on their arms any more after that. And by that time he was too old for any other kind of work. In desperation, he had made his way back to Paris, hoping vaguely that things would be easier in the big city. But they were not.

And now, after the war was over, he possessed neither the means nor the energy to start up his small business again. It wasn't very easy for an old man to know what to do, especially when one did not like to beg. Yet how else could he keep alive?

Well, he thought, still staring at the picture, so that is my little Kalmuck. And how quickly the sight of one small object such as this can stir the memory. Up to a few moments ago, he had even forgotten that he had a tattoo on his back. It had been ages since he had thought about it.

He put his face closer to the window and looked into the gallery. On the walls, he could see many other pictures, and all seemed to be the work of the same artist. There were a great number of people strolling around. Obviously it was a special exhibition.

On a sudden impulse, Drioli turned, pushed open the door of the gallery, and went in.

IT was a long room with a thick wine-coloured carpet, and, by Christopher, how beautiful and warm it was! There were all these people strolling about looking at the pictures; well-washed, dignified people, each of whom held a catalogue. Drioli stood just inside the door, nervously glancing around, wondering whether he dared go forward and mingle with this crowd. But before he had had time to gather his courage, he heard a voice beside him saying, "What is it you want?"

The speaker wore a black morning coat. He was plump and short, and had a very white face. It was a flabby face, with so much flesh upon it that the cheeks hung down on either side of the mouth in two fleshy collops, spaniel-wise. He came up close to Drioli and said again, "What is it you want?"

Drioli stood still.

"If you please," the man was saying, "take yourself out of my gallery."

"Am I not permitted to look at the pictures?"

"I have asked you to leave."

Drioli stood his ground. He felt suddenly, overwhelmingly outraged.

"Let us not have trouble," the man was saying. "Come on now, this way." He put a fat white paw on Drioli's arm and began to push him firmly to the door.

That did it. "Take your stinking hands off me!" Drioli shouted. His voice rang clear down the long gallery, and all the heads jerked around as one—all the startled faces stared down the

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length of the room at the person who had made this noise. A flunkey came running over to help, and the two men tried to hustle Drioli through the door. The people stood still, watching the struggle.

"I, too!" Drioli was shouting. "I, too, have a picture by this painter! He was my friend and I have a picture which he gave me!"

"He's mad."

"A lunatic. A raving lunatic."

"Someone should call the police."

With a rapid twist of the body, Drioli suddenly jumped clear of the two men, and before anyone could stop him, he was running down the gallery shouting. "I'll show you! I'll show you! I'll show you!" He flung off his overcoat, then his jacket and shirt, and he turned so that his naked back was towards the people.

"There!" he cried, breathing quickly. "You see? There it is!"

There was a sudden absolute silence in the room, each person arrested in what he was doing, standing motionless in a kind of shocked, uneasy bewilderment. They were staring at the tattooed picture. It was still there, the colours as bright as ever, but the old man's back was thinner now, the shoulder-blades protruded more sharply, and the effect, though not great, was to give the picture a curiously wrinkled, squashed appearance.

Somebody said, "My God, but it is!"

Then came the excitement and the noise of voices as the people surged forward to crowd around the old man.

"It is unmistakable!"

"His early manner, yes?"

"It is fantastic—fantastic!"

"And look, it is signed!"

"Bend your shoulders forward, my friend, so that the picture stretches out flat."

"Old one, when was this done?"

"In 1913," Drioli said, without turning around. "In the autumn of 1913."

"Who taught Tichine to tattoo?"

"I taught him."

"And the woman?"

"She was my wife."

THE gallery owner was pushing through the crowd towards Drioli. He was calm now, deadly serious, making a smile with his mouth. "M'sieu," he said, "I will buy it." Drioli could see the loose fat upon the face vibrating as he moved his jaw. "I said I will buy it."

"How can you buy it?" Drioli asked softly.

"I will give two hundred thousand francs for it."

"Don't do it," someone murmured in the crowd. "It is worth three times as much."

Drioli opened his mouth to speak. No words came, so he shut it; then he opened it again and said slowly, "But how can I sell it?" He lifted his hands, let them drop loosely to his sides. "How can I possibly sell it?" All the sadness in the world was in his voice.

The dealer stroked the bridge of his nose with a fat white finger. "It would seem," he said, "that if I take the picture, I take you also. That is a disadvantage." He paused and stroked his nose again. "The picture itself is of no value until you are dead. How old are you, my friend?"

"Sixty-one."

"But you are perhaps not very robust, no?" The dealer lowered the hand from his nose and looked Drioli up and down, slowly, like a farmer appraising an old horse.

"I do not like this," Drioli said, edging away. "Quite honestly, M'sieu, I do not like it." He edged straight into the arms of a tall man, who put out his hands and caught him gently by the shoulders. Drioli glanced around and apologized. The man smiled down at him, patting one of the old fellow's naked shoulders reassuringly with a hand encased in a canary-coloured glove.

"Listen, my friend," the stranger said, still smiling. "Do you like to swim and to bask yourself in the sun?"

Drioli looked at him inquiringly.

"Do you like fine food and red wine from the great châteaux of Bordeaux?" The man was still smiling, showing strong white teeth with a flash of gold among them. He spoke in a soft, coaxing manner, one gloved hand still resting on Drioli's shoulder. "Do you like such things?"

"Well—yes," Drioli answered, still greatly perplexed. "Of course."

"And a cupboard full of suits and shirts made to your own personal measurements? And a man who will shave you in the mornings and trim your hair?"

Drioli simply stood and gaped.

"And a plump, attractive girl to manicure the nails of your fingers?"

Someone in the crowd giggled.

"And a bell beside your bed to summon a maid to bring your breakfast in the morning? Would you like these things, my friend? Do they appeal to you?"

Drioli stood quite still and looked at him.

"You see, I am the owner of the Hotel Marivel in Cannes. I now invite you to come down there and live as my guest for the rest of your life, in luxury and comfort."

The man paused, allowing his listener time to savour this cheerful prospect.

"Your only duty—shall I call it your pleasure—will be to spend your time on my beach in bathing trunks, walking among the guests, sunning yourself, swimming, drinking cocktails. You would like that?"

There was no answer.

"Don't you see—all the guests will thus be able to observe this fascinating picture by Tichine. You will become famous, and men will say, 'Look, there is the fellow with a million francs upon his back.' You like this idea, M'sieu? It pleases you?"

Drioli looked up at the tall man in the canary gloves, still uncertain whether to take him seriously.

"Wait," the dealer interrupted. "See here, old one. Here is the answer to our problem. I will buy the picture, and I will arrange with a surgeon to remove the skin from your back, and then you will be able to go off on your own and enjoy the great sum of money I shall give you for it."

"With no skin on my back?"

"No, no, please! You misunderstand. This surgeon will put a new piece of skin in the place of the old one. It is simple."

"Impossible!" said the man with the canary gloves. "He's too old for such a major skin-grafting operation. It would kill him. It would kill you, my friend. You would never survive."

"In the name of God!" Drioli cried. He looked around, aghast, at the faces of the people watching him, and in the silence that followed, another man's voice, speaking quietly from the back of the group, could be heard saying, "Perhaps, if one were to offer this old man enough money, he might consent to kill himself on the spot. Who knows?"

A few people sniggered. The dealer moved his feet uneasily on the carpet.

Then the hand in the canary glove was tapping Drioli again upon the shoulder. "Come on," the man was saying, smiling his broad white smile. "You and I will go and have a good dinner and we can talk about it some more while we eat. How's that? Are you hungry?"

DRIOLI watched him, frowning. He didn't like the man's long, flexible neck, or the way it craned forward when he spoke, like a snake.

"Roast duck and Chambertin," the man was saying. He put a rich, succulent accent on the words, splashing them out with his tongue. "And perhaps a *soufflé aux marrons*, light and frothy."

Drioli's eyes turned up towards the ceiling, his lips became loose and wet. One could see the poor fellow beginning literally to drool at the mouth.

"How do you like your duck?" the man went on. "Do you like it very brown and crisp outside, or shall it be——"

"I am coming," Drioli said quickly. Already he had picked up his shirt and was pulling it frantically over his head. "Wait for me, M'sieu. I am coming." And within a minute he had disappeared out of the gallery with his new patron.

• • •

It wasn't more than a few weeks later that a picture by Tichine, of a woman's head, painted in an unusual manner, nicely framed and heavily varnished, turned up for sale in Buenos Aires. That—and the fact that there is no hotel in Cannes called Marivel—causes one to wonder a little, and to pray for the old man's health, and to hope fervently that, wherever he may be at this moment, there is a plump, attractive girl to manicure the nails of his fingers, and a maid to bring him breakfast in bed in the mornings. THE END

TAKE MY TIP

PLAYING cards which have been used for many games tend to stick together, and become very difficult to handle. I find that a quick, simple way of extending their useful life is to lay them out fanwise, sprinkle them with a little talcum powder, and then shuffle thoroughly. Some of the powder remains on the cards, and they become slippery and easy to handle once more.
—K. J. Wood, Dorking, Surrey.

JOHN BULL pays three guineas, on publication, for simple, original tips that show other readers how to carry out useful jobs in better ways. Address contributions to TAKE MY TIP, JOHN BULL, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, including (if they help) diagrams or photographs with the text. It is regretted that contributions cannot be returned unless they are accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

WINDOM'S WAY

Continued from page 22

thought he was going to be sick.

"Alec. . . ." Her voice was different now. The awful flippancy was gone. It was so low that he could scarcely hear it.

"Why don't you kill me, Alec?" she said. "With some medicine—a gun—any way. Why don't you—please, for the love of God—kill me?"

"Stop it, Lee."

He sat down on the cot again. But now she was covering her face with her hands, and the sobs had begun, deep and wrenching.

"Stop it—do you hear me—stop it!"

Her sobbing increased.

"All right, you were drinking," he said gently. "It's not the end of the world."

He reached out and tried to draw her hands from her face; but she held them there, tight and rigid.

When the sobbing had subsided, he tried again. "Lee."

"You're back. I've waited so long for it—prayed so hard for it. And now you're back and. . . . Her voice broke. "Oh, God! Alec—" She turned her eyes away from him. "How can I tell you? How can I——"

"Tell me later, Lee."

"No, no—now. I have to." Suddenly she sat bolt upright. Her lips were twisted again, and when she spoke, her voice was strained and harsh. "Now you're back, and that's what I've been waiting for. To tell you a story. Such a pretty story. . . ."

Before she could go on, Kosti appeared in the doorway.

"Excuse me, my doctor," he said. "But the soldiers are on the porch, and say that the commissioner——"

Windom got up. "Tell them I'm coming."

KOSTI disappeared. Lenore had turned her face away. Windom looked down at her and said: "Rest a while, Lee. Then pull yourself together."

Lenore murmured something that he could not hear. Going out, he joined the two guards who were waiting for him on the porch.

The compound, as they crossed it, was full of activity. Troops were everywhere. Piles of equipment stood against the walls. Trucks moved in and out of the gate. Ascending the hospital steps, Windom passed his own empty office and went down the hall to the room Belhedron used as headquarters. There was a sentry at the door, but he stepped aside, and Windom went in. Belhedron was behind the desk, talking to Colonel Lupat.

"Ah, the ambassador," he said, looking up.

"You want to see me?" said Windom.

"Yes, Doctor, I do. And I am glad to have the chance. In the circumstances, I was not so certain that I would."

He turned back to Lupat.

"It is understood then?" he said. "All troops to be withdrawn beyond the river by noon tomorrow."

"By noon," said the colonel.

"Then the bridge will be blown. I shall see you at four, before I leave for the airfield. Any final matters can be discussed then."

Lupat nodded and went out.

"My apologies, Doctor," said the commissioner. "We were concluding a conference." He indicated a chair. "Sit down. . . . Yes, do—please. You must be tired." He smiled slightly, "I can see you have had a hard journey."

For the first time, Windom became aware that he had not yet washed or changed his clothes. His hands and arms were almost black, his khakis torn and smeared with dried jungle mud.

"Yes," he said quietly, "it was a hard journey."

"Your friends the Reds were not good hosts?"

Windom looked at him steadily. "You know, then?" he said.

"Oh, yes," said Belhedron. "We know. We have had our reports. Perhaps my government is not altogether perfect, Doctor, but it is also not quite so imbecilic as some people seem to believe. . . . I am surprised that your friends let you go."

"They didn't," said Windom. "I escaped."

"Oh."

"And they killed Dai Lollivar."

Belhedron nodded. "I am not surprised. It is no great loss, to be sure, but still another crime on their record." He paused and glanced down at his ruby ring.

"Well," he added, "the time for reckoning is not far off."

"So you know that, too," said Windom.

"That they are going to attack? Certainly. And not only in this valley

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Doctor, but across the whole of the Northern Provinces."

"What will you do?"

"We shall fight them, of course. And we shall destroy them."

"Here in Papaan?"

"Yes, here. And everywhere."

"But you haven't enough——"

"Yes, I know—at the moment we haven't enough troops. They are coming to Papaan in force, and temporarily we shall have to withdraw. Perhaps you heard the end of my talk with Colonel Lupat. Tomorrow our troops will leave the village, cross the river and demolish the bridge. Then they will establish themselves in the nearby hills, from which they can harass the enemy while awaiting reinforcements."

"And you?"

"I have received orders to return to the capital and help there in organizing the campaign. A plane landed here a few hours ago and will fly out this afternoon at five. Mr. Schusterman, the plantation manager, will leave with me. And there will be room, also, for Mrs. Windom and yourself."

Windom was silent.

"Unless, of course," Belhedron went on blandly, "you prefer to stay here and greet your friends."

"There is no need," said Windom, "to keep calling them my friends."

"Ah—you have renounced them, you mean? You are no longer a Red?"

"I have never been a Red, and you know it."

"No longer a sympathizer, then? No longer an apologist for this Vidal and his bandits?"

"No."

"You have seen what has happened?"

"Yes."

"And you were wrong about them?" Windom hesitated.

"Yes," he said.

The commissioner nodded. "Good. We all make mistakes, Doctor. You have recognized yours. And I am sure that, in view of your long service here, the authorities in the capital will incline towards leniency." He glanced at his watch. "Well—I shall not keep you longer. The plane will leave at five o'clock, which gives you an hour and a half for your preparations."

BELHEDRON bent to the papers on his desk, but looked up again as Windom stood motionless. "There is something else, Doctor?"

"Yes," said Windom. "There is Anna Vidal."

"Oh." Belhedron put his fingertips together and looked again at his ring. "The matter of the young nurse, you mean. It was an unfortunate business."

"Yes—unfortunate." For another moment Windom looked down at him. Then his control broke; his body went rigid. Leaning forward, he gripped the edge of the desk until his knuckles showed white. "Why in the name of God did you do it?" he demanded.

"I assure you I did not shoot the girl myself."

"You gave the orders."

"Of course I gave the orders. That she be stopped." Belhedron paused and went on quietly. "As I say, it was unfortunate. Especially so, since, as things turned out, it was unnecessary. A few hours after she was dead we received the information that her brother had joined Than-kar; and it all became—academic."

"Academic?"

"Meaningless, Doctor. Perhaps you do not not yet know the whole story, but soon after you left I received certain instructions from the capital that in effect voided your mission. Somehow this young woman learned of these instructions and decided that she must warn her brother. Obviously, if she had known what we all knew soon after—that he was not coming back with you; that he had joined the Reds—there would have been no reason for her to go. But she did not know this. She made her plans to go. And when your wife came to me and——"

"My wife?" said Windom.

"Yes. It was your wife we had to thank for finding out. The girl went to her and told her what she was going to do. And when the girl had left, your wife came to me and said she felt it was her duty. . . ." The commissioner paused and looked at Windom questioningly. "Are you listening, Doctor?"

"Yes," said Windom.

". . . her duty to tell me, which of course it was. And we took the necessary steps. As I say, it is unfortunate. You no doubt feel badly about it. But she was working against us. She was our enemy. And this is war."

The commissioner paused. His eyes were still fixed on Windom. "You understand that now, do you not, Doctor?" he said evenly.

Windom said nothing. He was still standing with his hands on the desk, but the hands no longer gripped it, and he was no longer looking at Belhedron. His head was bent, his shoulders stooped and sagging.

He is an old man, Belhedron thought. He is old and broken and finished. He stood up. "And now if you will excuse me," he apologized, "I have several things yet to do. I shall see you at the plane at five."

WINDOM straightened and turned and went to the door. He walked slowly down the corridor and through the foyer and down the steps and across the compound. The afternoon sun was blazing. Soldiers and vehicles were still moving about, but the equipment that had been stacked along the walls was almost gone.

It was much cooler inside the bungalow, and quiet, and for a few moments he sat alone in the living-room. He put his hands to his face, feeling the five-day stubble of beard and the sunken flesh under his cheek-bones. He held his hands to his eyes, feeling the tiredness behind them; the emptiness, deep and desolate. . . .

Then he got up and went into the bedroom. The curtains were still drawn, but Lenore was sitting, half dressed, on the edge of her bed.

"A plane has come," he said. "It will be leaving in an hour."

She nodded dully. "Yes, I know. Belhedron sent a message."

"You'll have to get ready quickly."

"Yes—quickly," she murmured.

But she didn't move. In the dim light her face was white as chalk. Her eyes, fixed on Windom, seemed no longer blue, but dark and sunken.

"Did he tell you?" she asked.

"Yes, he told me."

"So now——"

"Now you should pack, Lee," he said. "There isn't much time."

He came towards her, hands extended to help her up; but when she took them, instead of rising, she pulled him towards her and gripped them with all her strength.

"I was drunk, Alec," she said desperately. "I was alone and afraid and began drinking——"

"Don't, Lee."

"And I was jealous," she said. "Oh, I know there was nothing between you. Even when I was blind crazy drunk I knew that. She may have loved you—yes, she did love you—but not that way. And I knew you didn't love her. . . . It wasn't that, Alec. It was

"I'll take this case to the highest court in the land. But try to escape meanwhile"

worse than that; deeper than that. . . . It was knowing how much a part of your life she was. How much you needed her—and that you didn't need me. . . ."

She paused. The tears were close now and she fought them back. "But even that isn't why I did it. Believe me—please believe me—I didn't mean her any harm. All I cared about was you, Alec. And us. And I thought, if I told them and they stopped her, that then the men would come back to the village—they'd be arrested—the trouble would be over. All the awful mess would be over, and you'd be just a doctor again, and we could. . . ."

The tears came. Her face contorted. "I never thought——" she whispered. "I never dreamed. . . ." Still holding his hands, she bent her head against them. "But then the next morning Lahana came. She told me what had happened. And, oh God, it was so terrible—so terrible—and I couldn't face what I'd done—and I began drinking again. . . ."

He let her cry, his hands gentle on hers, feeling the trembling of her body as she pressed against him. At last he said quietly: "The plane, Lee. You have to get dressed and packed."

But she would not raise her head. "Yes, of course——" she murmured—"the plane. The plane I've waited and prayed for. Now it's here—now *you're* here—and we can leave this awful place. I've got what I wanted, haven't I?" Her sobs convulsed her. The words jerked out as if they were pieces of her flesh. "Oh, dear God, yes: I've—got—everything—I—wanted. . . ."

Presently she stood up. "I'll get ready," she said.

She went into the bathroom, and Windom sat on the edge of the bed. There were voices outside and, going on to the porch, he found Kosti arguing with one of the student nurses.

". . . because the lady is not well," the boy was saying. "When he is through, then I will tell him."

"What is it, Ti-san?" asked Windom.

The girl was very young and so nervous she could hardly speak. "Forgive me, my doctor," she stammered. "But there is a new patient—a little boy—and he is sick with fever and spasms, and we do not know——"

Windom glanced at his watch. "All right. Come on," he said. At the door, he turned back to Kosti. "Mrs. Windom is packing," he told him. "See if you and Lahana can help her."

With Ti-san, he went back across the compound, up the hospital steps, down the corridor. In the first bed in the North Ward lay a boy of perhaps seven, his eyes glazed with fever, his thin body writhing in convulsions. Two other student nurses were standing beside him, and they looked at Windom with dark, anxious eyes.

"You've taken his temperature?" he asked.

"Yes, my doctor," said Ti-san. "It is a hundred and five."

"Pulse?"

"A hundred and forty."

"We'd better give him an anaesthetic."

"Yes, my doctor."

He stood looking down at the boy; then noticed the dirt that still caked his hands and turned to go to the washroom. Ti-san came back with the syringe, and he took it from her.

"Watch how I do it," he said. "Nurse Anna always used to give the injections. But she isn't here any more, and you'll have to learn."

He pushed down on the plunger. The boy's body stiffened; his legs thrashed; but after a few minutes the writhing stopped and he lay still. Windom turned away.

"He should be all right," he said. "The fever will break soon."

"Is there anything else we should do?" asked Ti-san.

"Not yet. Just let him sleep."

"And you will be back later?"

Windom seemed not to have heard.

"You will be back, my doctor?" the girl repeated.

"Yes," he said. "I'll be back."

He walked slowly across the compound. When he reached the bungalow it was four thirty, and Kosti was carrying suitcases from the porch out to the jeep. Lenore was in the living-room, closing her overnight case, and she was wearing the same cotton print dress that she had worn on the day of her arrival. Her face was composed, her hair combed, her lips red. Only her eyes, as she looked up, told of the hours and days just past.

"I'm ready, Alec," she said.

He nodded. "Let's go then."

As they came out, Kosti was lifting the luggage into the rear seat of the jeep. There were four pieces, including the overnight case, and suddenly Lenore was staring at them.

"But there aren't any of——" She broke off. Now she was looking at Windom. And as if for the first time, she saw his tattered clothes—his grimed hands—his bearded face. "You're not—not. . . ." She couldn't say it.

"No, Lee," he said.

For another instant she remained motionless. Then her hand moved. It groped for the side of the jeep, found it, held it tightly.

"I can't go, Lee."

"Can't?"

"My work is here."

"Yes, of course—your work." Her

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YOU'LL BE GLAD YOU GOT GILBEY'S

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YOU'LL BE GLAD YOU GOT GILBEY'S

"Well, can't three great minds arrive at identical answers?"

them, came in: they filled the little room. Sitting on the edge of the desk, he spoke to them quietly.

"Some of you," he said, "have been here many months, some only a short time. But you have all done good work. If you had not—quite frankly—you would not still be here."

He paused.

"Now," he said, "we shall probably have harder work than we have ever had before. The government troops are withdrawing to the south. The Reds are coming from the north. Papaan lies between them and will almost certainly be a battleground. How bad it will be, and how long it will last, we don't know. But it will not be easy. There will be many wounded; the hospital will be full; you will have great responsibilities. And you will have to carry them without the help and guidance of Anna Vidal. I think I can count on you to do it in a way that would make her proud of you.

"There is only one other thing. The most difficult thing. This is civil war. The government troops are your own people; the Reds are your own people; and you are caught in the middle, between them. All right, we are in the middle. We are not soldiers, not politicians. We are doctor and nurses. Bullets may fly in the streets, shells may fall on the hospital: it will not be your function to strike back, but only to help those who are hurt. Your first duty is to the people of this village; your second to the wounded of both sides. And those are your only duties."

After they had gone he sat for a while alone at his desk. It was hot and still. Leaving the office, he walked down the corridor and looked in at the North Ward. The boy in the first bed was sleeping quietly.

"I'll be back in a few hours," he told the nurse on duty.

Then he went out and crossed the compound towards the bungalow; but, instead of going in, he got into the jeep and drove through the gate. A few shops were now open, a few pedestrians and carts moved through the streets. But an uneasy stillness hung over the village. When he reached the warehouses he left the jeep, walked out on to the dock and climbed down into the skiff.

Facing the land as he rowed, he could see the hills to the south, but there was no hint of the government convoy that he knew was moving through them along a twisting road.

There was the headland, the sand, the sea. Beaching the skiff, he took off his clothes and swam out to the reef, and for a long time he sat there, as he had so many times before. It is the same, he thought. Everything else has changed. The valley and the village have changed, and Jan has changed, and Lollivar is gone and Anna is gone and Lee has come and gone. . . . But this remains. In the green peace of the hills men are waiting to spring at one another's throats. On the glittering beach lies the wreckage of a marriage. Somewhere under the red valley earth lies the body of a girl.

He cocked his head on one side. At first he thought that what he had heard was thunder, but the sky above was still blue and flawless. Then he looked towards the valley and saw the black plume of smoke rising over Papaan.

By the time he was halfway across the bay he could see the gesticulating figure on the dock. And as he pulled in alongside, Kosti stood above him.

"It is the bridge," the boy said excitedly. "They have blown it up, and some of the people did not know and were standing there, and——"

"How many were hurt?"

"I do not know exactly, my doctor. But there were many—many. And now they are bringing them to the hospital, and I came to——"

Then they were in the jeep; threading the streets, entering the hospital gate. Villagers crowded the compound and steps, and through them moved a column of men with laden stretchers.

In the foyer Windom found three of the student nurses, trying to cope with the confusion.

"Valya," he said, "you will stay here and separate the badly wounded from the others. Bhama, take another girl, go to the laboratory and get the morphia and glucose saline. Ti-san, take two others and prepare the operating room."

A hand plucked at his sleeve, and, turning, he faced a tiny woman, barefoot and wearing a peasant's shawl.

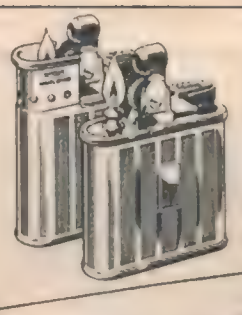
"My little boy——" she said. "He who has the pains. You will not forget him, my doctor? Now that there are all the others?"

"Don't worry, Mother." Windom smiled. "We won't forget him."

He went down the corridor to the washroom and began to scrub up. Beyond the window the glare was fading from the compound. The leaves of the banyan trees stirred gently and drops of rain fell on the yellow dust.

THE END

"Windom's Way," by James Ramsey Ullman, is published in book form by Collins, price 12s. 6d.



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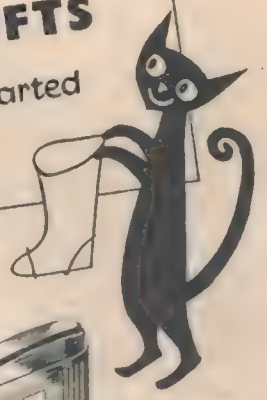

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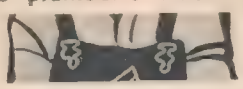

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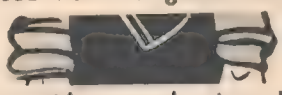
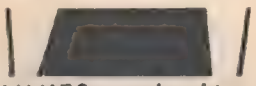


When acid stomach gives him gyp



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ADOLF HITLER

Continued from page 19

organized violence of the S.A. was a threat of the trouble he would make if he were left out.

His game was to use the revolution he was unwilling to make and the mass support he was unable to turn into a majority, the first as a threat, the second as a promise, to impress the Presidential Palace with the advantages of taking him into partnership.

The first meeting in the autumn of 1931 went badly. Hitler took Goering with him to see, first, Chancellor Bruening, and later President Hindenburg. Both Hitler and Goering were under heavy strain.

Three weeks before, Geli Raubal, the daughter of Hitler's step-sister, with whom Hitler was in love, had committed suicide in his Munich flat; Hitler went to pieces under the blow. Goering had to be fetched back from the bedside of his dying wife, Karin, in Sweden.

During the interview Hitler was nervous and ill at ease. He made the mistake of talking far too much in an excited voice. The old field marshal, now eighty-three, but still an erect and massive figure, with all the stiff manners and social prejudices of the Officer Corps of the old Prussian Army, did not take kindly to this former Austrian corporal who tried to talk his head off. A queer fellow, he grumbled afterwards, who might make a Minister of Posts, but never a Chancellor.

Master Of Intrigue

But the tide was still flowing in Hitler's favour. The economic situation got worse—unemployment passed the six million mark in the winter of 1931-2. If things went on like this, there was a real danger of revolution and civil war, in which the army would be called upon to face a double threat from the Nazis and Communists. So one man at least reasoned, a man who was in a position to make his views heard—General von Schleicher.

Kurt von Schleicher was very unlike the popular idea of a German general. He was a brilliant talker, socially accomplished, highly skilled in intrigue, capable of mastering any job he was given and unscrupulous in the pursuit of his ambition. That ambition was to become the political boss of the German Army, and by 1932 he was well on the way to accomplishing it.

He avoided the political limelight, but from his office in the Ministry of Defence, where he acted as chief adviser to the Minister, General Groener, he had acquired remarkable influence behind the scenes. He was a man to whom not only his chief, Groener, constantly turned for advice, but who had also the ear of the President, with whom the interests and views of the army counted far more than anything else.

Schleicher was convinced that it was essential to strengthen the Government by securing the support of the Nazis. Once they had to share responsibility, their extremism would be tamed.

All Or Nothing

On his side, Hitler was very willing to make a deal, but he was determined not to have his hands tied: the deal must be on his terms—full power, not a share of it. It was Hitler's determination not to strike a bargain for less that held up the deal for more than a year, while each side tried to browbeat or blockade the other into reducing its terms.

Schleicher had a good deal of trouble in persuading Chancellor Bruening or President Hindenburg to accept the idea of negotiations with Hitler. But the President's term of office expired in 1932 and Bruening, who was most anxious to avoid a presidential election with the country in its present disturbed state, agreed to see Hitler again and try to persuade him to support an extension of the President's term without elections.

Hitler was in the offices of the party's newspaper at Munich when the Chancellor's invitation came. A telegram was brought in to him as he stood talking to a group of his lieutenants. When he opened it and read the message, he purred with satisfaction and crashed his fist down on the table: "Now I have them in my pocket. They have recognized me as a partner in their negotiations."

For the second time, however, the negotiations came to nothing, and Hitler had to decide whether to stand against the President in the election which was now inevitable. It was no light thing to take on Hindenburg, the field marshal who enjoyed a legendary respect throughout Germany.

Hitler hesitated for a month. Finally he made up his mind to stand and was hurriedly made a German citizen for the occasion by the Nazi-controlled state of Brunswick. Goebbels, lame and undersized, but with a wicked pen and wits as sharp as a razor, flung himself into the organization of a whirlwind election campaign.

Every device of propaganda ballyhoo was pressed into service. Every constituency down to the most remote village was canvassed. Walls of towns were plastered with screaming posters; films of Hitler and Goebbels were made (an innovation in 1932); tiny gramophone records produced which could be sent through the post; a series of mass meetings organized at which Hitler and the other Nazi orators shouted themselves hoarse.

A Second Challenge

But when the results were published on the night of March 13, Hindenburg had eighteen and a half to Hitler's eleven and a half millions.

By a quirk of chance, Hindenburg's vote was a fraction short of the clear majority needed, and so a second election had to be held. Goebbels threw up his hands in despair, but Hitler never hesitated. Before morning on March 14, special editions of the Nazi newspapers were on the streets carrying a new election manifesto signed by Hitler: "The first campaign is over, the second has begun today. I shall lead it."

Defeat was certain, but by his tenacity Hitler avoided disaster and pushed up his vote in the second election by more than two millions. Yet the awkward question remained, how was he to turn his mass support into the hard coin of political power?

After the presidential elections, which had been fought with great bitterness, the Government was in no mood to come to terms with Hitler. Instead, it published a decree dissolving the S.A., whose rowdyism had led to incidents all over Germany, some of them involving loss of life. Roehm, the S.A. chief of staff, thought of resistance, but Hitler insisted that the S.A. must obey.

At this juncture, Schleicher decided to take a hand himself. He disagreed with the ban on the S.A., and he now set to work to unseat the Government and replace Bruening as Chancellor with a man more amenable to his own

Continued on page 35

"You can rest for a little while now, Miss Goddard . . . MISS GODDARD!"

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The drink that silenced Gilbert Harding? See below.

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GRACIE FIELDS *Jamaica Moca* Strong black coffee, cold (iced if possible) lightly sweetened with brown sugar. Add one-eighth Jamaica Rum, stir well, serve in a long glass.

JACK TRAIN *Jamaica Sprucer* Three-quarters Jamaica Rum, one-quarter Italian Vermouth, dash lime juice, dash angostura bitters.

ANONA WINN *Jamaica Pineapple* Three-eighths Jamaica Rum, five-eighths Pineapple Juice, ice if you can get it. Top up with soda water.

GILBERT HARDING *Jamaica Lime* One measure of Jamaica Rum and one measure of lime juice cordial. Top up with soda; clink in a cube of ice.

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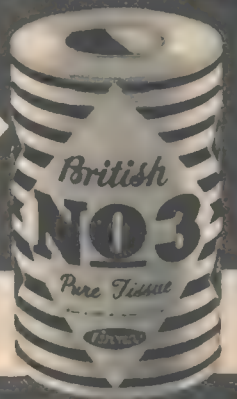

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ADOLF HITLER

Continued from page 32

suggestions. Schleicher's campaign was remarkably unscrupulous but highly effective. Combining with the other enemies whom the Chancellor had created for himself, he destroyed Bruening's credit with the President and got Hindenburg to turn against the man who had secured his re-election only a month before.

Ostensibly, Hitler played no part in the manoeuvres which led to Bruening's dismissal. He kept away from Berlin as much as possible, but he was in touch with Schleicher and waited eagerly for his intrigue to succeed. During the last weekend of May, the news reached him while he was campaigning for the State elections in Mecklenburg. Goebbels rang up from Berlin and motored out to meet him.

As they drove back, they discussed the situation. Schleicher had promised to get the ban on the S.A. lifted and new elections held for the Reichstag, if the Nazis in return would tolerate his new nominee for the Chancellorship, von Papen. Hitler agreed at once. In his diary that night, Goebbels wrote: "Von Papen, it seems, is to be appointed Chancellor, but this is neither here nor there. The poll! The poll! It's the people we want."

The Grand Seigneur

Schleicher's choice for Chancellor startled everyone. Franz von Papen, a man in his fifties, came from a Catholic family of the Westphalian nobility. He had belonged to the right cavalry regiment (he was a celebrated gentleman-rider), and now to the right clubs. He had great charm and liked to play the *grand seigneur*; his wide acquaintance in the social world included connections with French as well as German industry, and he had married the daughter of a wealthy Saar industrialist.

But although Papen had sat in the Prussian Diet for several years and talked vaguely, but pretentiously, of a Christian Conservatism, he was regarded as a political lightweight, a figure on the circumference, never at the centre, of affairs. Possibly it was the belief that Papen would be a puppet in his hands which led Schleicher to suggest him: if so, he was soon to be surprised.

Schleicher's aim was to get Papen to bring the Nazis over to the Government side and build up a strong bloc of support on the Right which would enable the Cabinet to carry out the drastic measures needed to pull Germany out of the mess. No deal could be concluded until the elections, since neither side could yet gauge the strength of the other. For his part Hitler still hoped to win an outright majority at the polls and so force the group round the President to accept his terms.

The elections were fought amid an atmosphere of mounting violence. The S.A. celebrated the removal of the ban by a series of bloody encounters with the Communists. In the fifty days between June 1 and July 20, 1932, there were more than 461 political riots in Prussia alone: eighty-two people were killed and more than 400 badly injured.

Night Of The Election

Throughout the night of July 31 Hitler and the other leaders sat up to hear the results on the radio. They had polled 13,745,000 votes, more than double the figure for the 1930 elections. It was still short of a majority (which no party had ever secured in German elections) but it was so solid and impressive a success that Hitler was convinced he could dictate his terms to Papen.

Early in August Hitler met Schleicher at Fuerstenberg, outside Berlin, and tabled his demands: the Chancellorship for himself, other ministries for his lieutenants, control of the police, and an Enabling Bill giving him full power to govern by decree.

On these terms, he was prepared to join a coalition government, and he was so pleased with the prospects that he suggested to Schleicher that a tablet

OH, JOHNNY! *by TIM*

be fixed to the wall of the house to commemorate their historic meeting.

Papen viewed the situation differently. However little support he had in the country himself, he had the President and the army behind him; he was convinced (correctly, as it turned out) that the Nazis had passed the peak of their success, and he saw no reason for accepting Hitler's terms.

Nazi violence during the summer had shocked a good many even of those who had sympathized with Hitler and given him contributions, and who now began to wonder what sort of movement they were backing. On August 9, five Nazis in the Silesian village of Potempa broke into the house of a Communist miner, pulled him out of bed and kicked him to death in front of his mother. The same day Papen announced the death penalty for clashes which led to loss of life, and public opinion was on his side.

After waiting a few days Hitler determined to bring matters to a head. He asked for an interview with Papen and the President and motored north to Berlin. Anxious not to be seen, he spent the night in Goebbels's house. The news was disturbing; it looked as if Papen would refuse his demands.

Hitler In A Rage

For a long time he paced up and down the room, uneasily calculating his chances. A hundred times he asked himself whether he was over-playing his hand. Finally, after listening to some music, he went to bed; the meeting with Papen and Schleicher was fixed for the next day, August 13.

When the three men met, Hitler's fears were confirmed. The most Papen was prepared to offer him was the Vice-Chancellorship. At this Hitler completely lost control of himself, raging and screaming that he must have the whole power, nothing less, and threatening to let the S.A. loose on the streets.

Argument got him nowhere: Schleicher was now as determined as Papen not to yield to the mixture of threats and appeals with which Hitler tried to move them. In a fury of disappointment Hitler drove back to Goebbels's flat in the centre of Berlin.

But Papen had not yet finished with him. Hitler was summoned to the President. Instead of offering him the Chancellorship, Hindenburg (who received him standing) gave him a dressing down for the behaviour of his party. This time the Nazi propaganda machine was caught off its guard, and the Government's version of the interview, which represented Hitler in a humiliating light, was on the streets and halfway round the world almost before Hitler had got back from the Palace.

If ever Hitler was tempted to resort to force it was now. The policy of legality was bankrupt. He had won such electoral support as no other party in Germany since the war, only to have the door of the Chancellery publicly slammed in his face. He had walked into a trap and been made to appear a fool.

In such a mood the temptation must have been overwhelming to give the hotheads in the S.A. the chance for which they were clamouring. But he did not diverge from the policy he had laid down; calling in the S.A. chiefs, he told them flatly that they must give up any idea of trying to seize power by force.

One-day Parliament

Desultory contacts with the Government continued, but produced no results. When the Reichstag met in mid-September, Papen found himself faced with a hostile majority, led by the Nazis and determined on his defeat. Refusing to yield, he used the President's power of dissolution to dismiss the Chamber after a single day's sitting and ordered new elections for November.

This time even the Nazis had lost some of their self-confidence. They went on blustering in public, but privately they were badly worried at the prospect of losing votes. One of the worst difficulties was lack of money.

"Money is extraordinarily difficult to obtain," Goebbels wrote in his diary. "All gentlemen of 'Property and Education' are standing by the Government." This was due partly to Papen's tactics of blockading the Nazis into accepting his terms, partly to genuine alarm among the industrialists and other subscribers to party funds at the increased radicalism and violence of the movement.

Hitler himself was less perturbed than anyone. A picture of him at this time, in the autumn of 1932, is given by Kurt Ludecke, one of his early followers who later broke with him. Ludecke, who had been to visit Hitler at his flat in Munich, accepted an invitation to accompany him to a big Hitler Youth rally outside Berlin.

They started out from Munich in the late afternoon in three powerful open Mercédès, one of them filled with Hitler's bodyguard of eight, armed with revolvers and hippopotamus-hide whips. Hitler, although he never took the wheel himself, had a passion for speed, and they drove fast across Bavaria towards the frontiers of Saxony.

Ludecke talked about America, and Hitler, who had never been outside Germany, questioned him eagerly. As a boy he had read Karl May's stories about the Red Indians, and they found a common interest in the adventures of Old Shatterhand and Winnetou. Every time Hitler dozed, he would rouse himself again: "Go on, go on—I mustn't fall asleep, I'm listening."

At Berneck, where they paused for a few hours' sleep, Goering met them and stayed talking with Hitler until 4 a.m. Soon after nine they were on the road again, halting for a picnic lunch in the woods and then driving through the Saxony industrial areas.

At one point they had to pass a line of trucks filled with Communist demonstrators. "We slowed down. Because of the state of the road, we were going to have to pass them at slow speed. I could see Sepp Dietrich, who commanded the bodyguard, whistling through his teeth. Everybody stopped talking, and I noticed that the right hand of each of the men in front disappeared at his side. We crept by. Everyone, including the Fuehrer, looked straight into the faces of the Communists." Hitler was recognized and hissed, but nobody ventured to interfere with them.

More than a hundred thousand boys and girls were gathered in the torch-lit stadium at Potsdam. Hitler gave them a brief speech and next day stood from 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. taking the salute as the brown-shirted columns tramped past. Once he came over to Ludecke and said: "You see? No fear—the German race is on the march."

"Let Fate Decide"

The elections were held early in November. Goebbels at least had no illusions. "Last attack," he wrote in his diary on the eve of the poll. "Desperate drive of the party against defeat. We succeed in obtaining 10,000 Reichsmarks at the very last moment. These are to be thrown into the campaign on Saturday. We have done all possible; now let fate decide."

For the first time since 1930, the Nazis lost votes—more than two millions. They remained the largest party with a third of the votes, but it was noticeable that the Communist vote had again gone up, and a good many of those who had deserted the Nazis had voted Communist. Hitler's insistence on legality was beginning to cost the party the loss of support.

Papen, who had forecast this result, invited Hitler to renew negotiations, but when Hitler, afraid of another trap, refused, the Chancellor was quite prepared to continue with the tactics of blockading Hitler into surrender. If necessary, he would hold yet another election and take the Nazis down a further peg. Papen had quite won over the old President with his charming manners and soft talk, and now felt strong enough to beard Hitler and defy the Reichstag, however large the majority against him. But he had forgotten Schleicher.

The general, who was Minister of Defence in Papen's cabinet, was irritated by Papen's increasing independence. Schleicher noted with anxiety the growth in Communist strength, the increased radicalism of the Nazis, and the fact that the two extremist parties had actually collaborated in supporting a Berlin transport strike in November, which had been disavowed by the trade unions.

He was more than ever worried at the prospect of a civil war in which the army (no more than 100,000 strong) would have both Nazis and Communists on the other side of the barricades. It did not take long to reach the conclusion that Papen was becoming more of a hindrance than an asset to Schleicher's policy of a deal with the Nazis.

A Surprise Proposal

After further abortive negotiations with the other party leaders, including Hitler, Papen and Schleicher went together to call on the President on the evening of December 1. It was a tense meeting.

Papen's plan was straightforward. The attempt to find an alternative government had failed. He proposed that he should resume office, prorogue the Reichstag indefinitely, prepare constitutional reforms and, until these were ready, govern by decree and use force to smash any opposition.

Then Schleicher spoke. He announced complete opposition to Papen's proposals. They were unconstitutional; they were dangerous, and they were unnecessary. To the surprise of the other two, Schleicher declared that he was convinced he himself could obtain

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a parliamentary majority in the Reichstag.

For the moment, Papen had the better of the argument and was entrusted by the President with the formation of a new government. But Schleicher had a trump card to play.

Next morning, when the Cabinet met, Schleicher announced, as the spokesman of the army—still the most powerful institution in German life—that the army no longer had confidence in Papen and was not prepared to take the risk of civil war which his proposals entailed. He brought in one of his officers, Colonel Ott, to show in detail that the State did not possess sufficient forces to guarantee order if a state of emergency were declared. To this there could be no reply. Papen was forced to resign.

So this tortuous story of political intrigue drew to its close; but the most surprising twists were reserved for the the final chapter.

Move To Split Party

Schleicher had now to make good his claim that he could succeed where Papen had failed, and produce the National Front, including the Nazis, which had been his consistent aim for two years. Even before taking office, he had sent an invitation to Hitler to join him—without success. But Schleicher knew that the Nazi Party leaders were divided in their views and he now tried to take advantage of these divisions by an astute move.

There was one man, second only to Hitler in his authority within the party, who believed that it was madness to stick to Hitler's "all or nothing" tactics, that the time was ripe to come to terms and get into power while they could. This was Gregor Strasser.

Strasser had joined the party in its Bavarian days. A wartime officer, he owned a chemist's shop at Landshut, which he sold in 1924 to take up full-time party work. He was a big, heavily built man, with a rough, powerful personality; indeed, he was the one man in the party who, if he had been less easy-going, or as ruthless in his ambition as Hitler, might have challenged Hitler's leadership.

For years Gregor Strasser and his brother Otto had given Hitler trouble. The Strassers looked upon National Socialism as a real political movement and took its radical revolutionary programme seriously, as Hitler never had. There had been two stand-up fights within the party, the second, in 1930, leading to Otto Strasser's expulsion.

Gregor had stayed with Hitler and had been given the key post of head of the party organization. No one was more closely in touch with feeling in the party rank and file than Gregor Strasser; he was particularly impressed with the disillusionment of the more radical members of the party and with their tendency to drift towards the Communists.

Strasser had been in favour of accepting Schleicher's offer, but Hitler had listened to Goering and Goebbels, long Strasser's sworn enemies, and had refused. Now Schleicher sent for Strasser and offered him the Vice-Chancellorship himself, together with the office of Minister-President of Prussia and the responsibility for dealing with the unemployment problem.

Accused Of Disloyalty

Such an offer was certain to sow discontent among the Nazi leadership—and was meant to. On December 5, a party conclave was held in the Kaiserhof, the big hotel in the centre of Berlin where Hitler and his lieutenants always stayed.

Two days later, Hitler had an open quarrel with Strasser, accusing him of disloyalty and trying to steal the leadership of the party from him. Strasser angrily retorted that he had been entirely loyal and had thought only of the interests of the movement. Going back to his room, he wrote to Hitler, resigning all his offices.

It is possible that if he had stayed to fight it out with Hitler, Strasser would have carried a majority of the party with him in favour of coming to terms with Schleicher. But Strasser had always lacked the determination for a fight to the finish. He had never planned a revolt such as Hitler suspected, and now he cursed the whole business and took his family off to Italy for a holiday. The opposition inside the party was left leaderless.

"You're angry with me, aren't you. I can always tell when you're angry with me"

Even so, Hitler was more shaken by the threat of a split in the ranks of the movement than he had ever been by any of the party's other setbacks. It took weeks of hard work to heal the breach, and at the end of the year the Nazi Party, still desperately short of funds, appeared to be in lower water than for years past.

A Secret Meeting

Suddenly, at the turn of the year, Hitler's luck changed. This time, it was not Schleicher but Papen who stepped in unexpectedly to offer the Nazis a new chance.

With great secrecy, a meeting between Papen and Hitler was arranged at the house of the Cologne banker, Kurt von Schroeder.

The meeting lasted two hours. Both men had a common motive to bring them together—the desire to turn out Schleicher. Although Papen denied it at the time and later, there is little doubt that it was the meeting in Cologne which laid the foundations of the coalition which came to power three weeks later.

Meanwhile, Schleicher, despite his initial confidence, was finding it remarkably difficult to get the support of any of the parties. The distrust which he aroused was universal, and one after the other his approaches to the different parties came to nothing.

By January 20, 1933, it was clear that Schleicher's attempts to construct a broad front representing all but the extremist parties was failing. Goering was hastily summoned back from Dresden for the final stage of the negotiations with Papen and his allies, which began on the evening of the 22nd in Ribbentrop's house at Dahlem.

Papen was able to offer the President, old Hindenburg, an alternative to Schleicher. When the general, admitting failure in his negotiations, turned to the President for the power to dissolve Parliament, he met with a refusal. Instead, Hindenburg instructed Papen to form a new government.

The last day was a heavy strain on the Nazi leaders' nerves. They were within sight of the Promised Land, but anything might still happen. They mistrusted Papen, who might still double-cross them, and there was the possibility that Schleicher, in his anger at the way he had been treated in his turn, might try to use the army to prevent the coalition being formed.

A rumour on the evening of January 29 that Schleicher and the army C.-in-C., General von Hammerstein, were preparing to call out the Potsdam garrison, carry off the President to East Prussia and declare martial law, roused alarm in the Nazi camp. Hitler gave orders to place the Berlin S.A. in a state of alert and arranged with a Nazi major in the police force to have six battalions of police ready to occupy the Government buildings in the Wilhelmstrasse.

But the key to the army was in the hands of the President, the Supreme Commander-in-Chief of the Armed Forces, and the man whom he had nominated for Minister of Defence in the new Cabinet, General Blomberg, was already on his way to Berlin.

When he arrived at the station on the morning of January 30, Blomberg was met by two emissaries, one from Generals Hammerstein and Schleicher, the other from the President. He chose to obey the summons to the President, and with his help the threat of any last-minute repudiation by the army was avoided.

After a sleepless night during which he had sat up with Goering and Goebbels to be ready for any eventuality, Hitler received the long-awaited summons to the President on the morning of January 30. It was a coalition government which he was entering, and Papen was confident that he had so ringed Hitler round with conditions and limitations that he would never have a free hand.

But Hitler had held out for and obtained the Chancellorship; the rest he was prepared to leave to the future. He was pretty sure that when it came to double-crossing his partners in the coalition he would out-smart Papen and his friends.

In Bismarck's Steps

During the morning a silent crowd filled the street between the Kaiserhof and the Chancellory. At a window of the hotel, the other Nazi leaders kept an anxious watch through field glasses on the door from which Hitler must emerge.

Shortly after noon, a roar went up from the crowd: the Leader was coming. Hitler ran down the steps to his car, in frock coat and carrying his top hat. A couple of minutes later he was back in the Kaiserhof, his followers crowding to shake his hand.

The improbable had happened. Fourteen years after he had joined the party in a back street of Munich, Adolf Hitler, the down-and-out of the Vienna Home for Men, had stepped into the shoes of Bismarck and became Chancellor of the German Reich.

***NEXT WEEK:** Alan Bullock describes the events on "The Night Of The Long Knives"*

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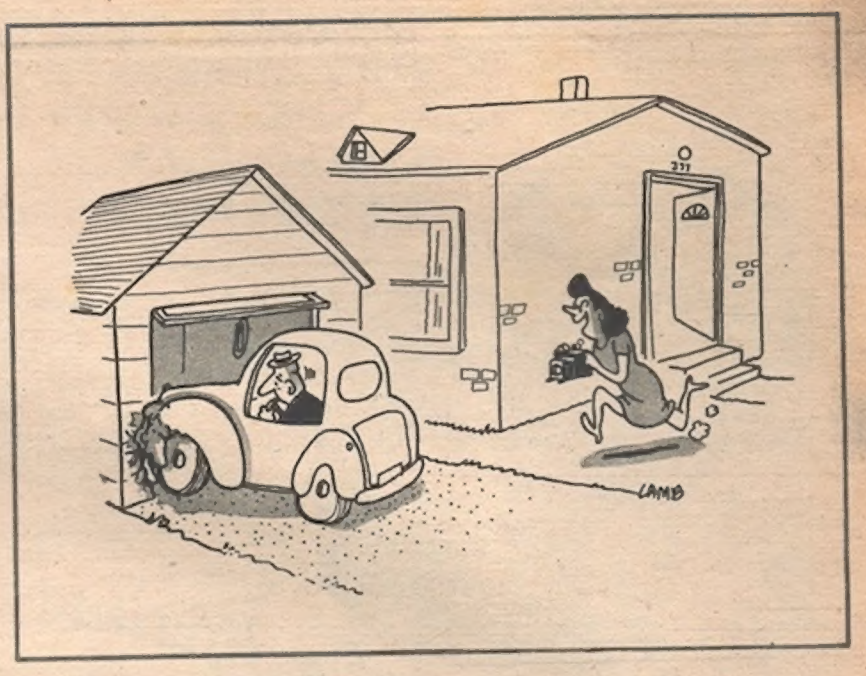

ESCAPE—OR DIE

Continued from page 13

village but the Germans must have taken some other path.

A day or two later they had better luck. Watching across the river from the spy nest in the reeds they saw four German soldiers get in a skiff and start rowing across the Maas to the Biesbosch. The three of them ran and hid in the reeds by a trail leading up from the river, but the Germans chose a different path. Then began a fantastic five hours as the three men blindly tried to shadow the Germans, running along trails, splashing across streams and dykes, all the time taking the risk of running slap into them along one of the narrow trails.

Carson was thinking of going back to the skiff to get them on the way back at the water's edge when the four Germans emerged from the reeds some distance off, strolled across a clearing and entered a small hut. Carson saw, without joy, that the soldiers were heavily armed. They had a light machine-gun, two tommy guns and a rifle. Carson, Jan and Parker had only pistols.

A broken hay-rick stood near the hut and the three hid on top of it, waiting for the Germans to come out. As dusk fell they saw one of the Germans in the hut going from window to window, and it became clear that he was a sentry and that the Germans would not leave the hut that night. With a sentry it was too risky to rush the hut, so they settled to sleep in the hay and wait for the morning.

Jan, who had been a guerrilla fighter and fugitive for three years, was awake at first light and woke the other two. They watched the Germans moving inside the hut. Jan thought that they were too exposed and isolated on the hay-rick for an ambush in broad daylight, and suggested that they should go back along the trail that the soldiers would probably follow to the skiff.

Waiting In Ambush

Backing quietly away, keeping the rick between them and the house, they came to a spot where the ground rose a little away from the trail. On the rise, barely five yards from the track, clustered a thicket of shrubs. It was the ideal spot and they settled behind the shrubs and waited.

It was about an hour later that the soldiers came down the track in single file, the front man carrying one of the tommy guns. Jan whispered: "I'll take the front man." Parker said: "I'll shoot for a double in the middle."

Carson got a bead through the leaves on the last man about twenty yards back and took up the first pull on the trigger. There was a loud bang beside him as Jan fired, and then Carson fired. Parker was standing up, head well above the shrubs, shooting methodically.

On the trail a paralysed fraction of a moment snapped in a flurry of chaos and panic. The front man was staggering, the second one fell instantly, the third bounded into the reeds on the other side of the track, and the last man dropped his machine gun and hared off back the way he had come. Carson, furious at having missed, was standing up firing at the running man till there was only a click, and the last man also vanished in the reeds.

Carson slid another clip into the butt, and Jan and Parker, keeping under cover, fired systematically into the reeds where the third man had jumped. Soon there was a frightened cry in the reeds, "*Kamerad! Kamerad!*"

Jan yelled for him to come out with his hands up and a moment later the German stepped hesitantly on to the track. He was trembling uncontrollably with shock and fright and the tears were running down his face. He looked dumbly at them and at the two soldiers lying on the ground.

"We've got to get the other one," Parker said. "If he gets back and talks that'll be a bad deal."

Bullet In His Neck

They walked carefully along the track to the spot where the fourth man had disappeared, prodding the other German in front with their pistols as some sort of a shield. Jan called out in German, telling the missing man to come out and surrender, but there was no answer, and after a while they pushed gingerly into the reeds.

They searched for several minutes and were about to give it up when Parker called, "Here he is." Carson brushed through the reeds and saw the soldier lying half under water at the edge of a ditch. He had a bullet in the base of his neck and was dead.

They went back then with the prisoner to the scene of the ambush where the others were lying. One of them died as they got there, but the other was still alive and conscious, blood gushing out of a bad wound in his chest. Jan said, "It's too far to carry him back to the barge. He wouldn't live, anyway."

"What the devil can we do, then?" Carson asked.

"Make him *kaput*," Jan said.

"Oh God, no!"

"I'll do it," said Jan. "Don't watch." He walked quickly up to the wounded man, who watched him pathetically and dumbly. Carson turned away as Jan swiftly knelt. The gun banged once and Carson felt he was going to be sick. Jan said quietly, "Forgive me." They took the surviving German and the guns back to the barge.

Carson, Parker and Jan went on several more sorties during the next confused days, but there was no more killing, for which Carson was glad. They intercepted a few more Germans but, backed by the moral force of their new tommy guns, they let rip from the reeds with short bursts over the enemy heads and the soldiers dropped

their weapons instantly and gladly surrendered. They took them back to the barge. Other Dutchmen of the organization brought in more prisoners, and by the end of October they counted seventy demoralized Germans grumbling and scratching at lice in the stinking hold.

The deep thumps of heavy guns were coming across the Maas now, and at night they saw the glow of fires. Every day the guns sounded louder and every night the fires were nearer. On October 4 they found themselves on the barge in the middle of an artillery duel.

Dash Across River

One of the Dutchmen came back from a reconnaissance and said that the Germans had pulled out of the village across the river and that the British were very close to it. Carson had a few words with Parker and then they went to the Kommandant and told him they were going to try a dash across the river just before dawn.

This time the Kommandant nodded. "That is the best," he said. "You must tell them that we are here and I will send one of my men with you."

He surprised Carson then by revealing that they could start the engine of the barge and that if Carson could send an "all clear" message back by the Dutchman, they would steer the barge out of the canal across the river.

An hour before, dawn, Carson, Parker and a Dutchman moved down the trail to the river, got into a skiff at the old landing and paddled across the river.

They landed a few hundred yards from the village and as the grey light came Carson climbed a willow to try to see what was happening in the village. In a minute a loud explosion sent up a mushroom of dirt a hundred yards away and then there was another, and then another, rather closer. Carson caught the flashes a couple of miles beyond the village and realized they had been spotted by a British battery. He almost fell out of the tree and they scrambled into cover.

Crawling towards the village they saw no movement at all. It was silent and seemed deserted, and they crawled under cover to the corner of a house and settled down to watch.

Half an hour later a man darted from behind a house, crossed the street and vanished into a doorway. A minute later he flitted out of the doorway and vanished behind another house, and Carson, heart jumping into his throat, saw that the man was in British battledress.

With Allies At Last

They watched the soldier work his way down the street. No sound or movement came from the houses and when the soldier darted into view again about fifty yards away Carson saw the n.c.o.'s chevrons on his sleeve and yelled, "Hey, sergeant!"

The soldier was instantly out of sight in a doorway. Carson yelled again, "We're Allied Air Force officers escaping. The Germans have pushed off out of here."

There was a brief silence, and then the soldier's voice came: "Come out with your hands up. Walk in the middle of the road."

An hour later they were telling a lieutenant-colonel of the Rifle Brigade what they knew of the German movements. A little after dusk the Dutchman went back across the river, and towards midnight they heard the chugging of the barge's engine. Soon the barge moved slowly out of the darkness and grounded on the shore.

The Kommandant jumped over the bows and waded ashore, allowing his face to wrinkle into a wide smile as they took him to see the colonel. But the happiest of all seemed to be the seventy Germans in the hold. THE END

Another real-life adventure from Paul Brickhill's new book, "Escape—or Die," the authentic record of the R.A.F. Escaping Society, will appear shortly

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

The photograph on page 22 is of Diane and Rosalind Rowe.

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In adjudication all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.) and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated Dec. 13.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

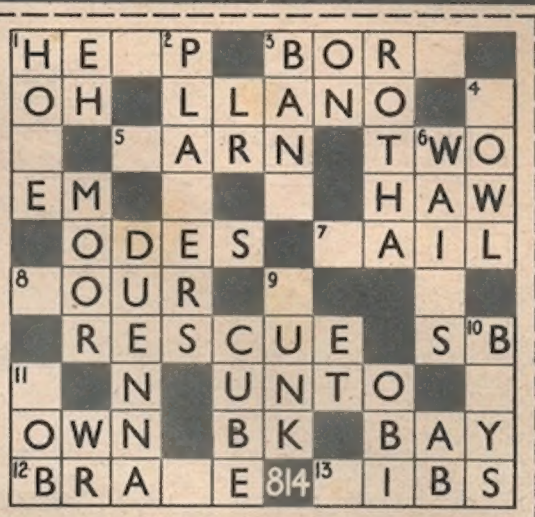
ADDRESS ENTRY: Xword No.814, "JOHN BULL," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Across Clues — XWORD 814

1. Mother would think something amiss if there wasn't this to wash up after Christmas dinner
3. Don't take it for granted that a fool is this
5. One shouldn't ramble all over the place
7. It is often circular
8. You make this at a whist drive
12. May hold things together in emergency
13. Little ones soon learn what these are for

Down Clues

1. Many a desperate creature eventually finds refuge in
2. Many a time they are sold for very little
3. Is quite often the source of great credit to a community
4. This may simply be a bit of cheek
6. Easily get stuck in a rut
9. You are not necessarily cowardly because you do this
10. Successful racehorse owner is often proud of his
11. In cold weather workmen are particularly glad of kettle on this



CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
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No.		2s.

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Closing postmark MON., DEC. 1

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If you win a prize with this fully-completed 2s. coupon, a novel Crossword Surprise will reach you at Christmas.

XWORD 809 RESULT

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RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in merit order; test—cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not over 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank given.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests (in *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated December 20, and in JOHN BULL, dated December 27), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See *Daily Herald* on Saturday, December 13, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,862 result).

NOTE. You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in the same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "Combined," top left-hand corner.

On Christmas Day
President Ike
A Princely Gift
Humanity's Star
Through The Mist Of Years
Cherished
To The Children
History Repeats Itself, So
That Festive Feeling
Eludes Us
Made Her Happy
The Housekeeping Money
Truncheon v. Cosh
Bad Manners
Stream Of Customers
The Office-boy
With A Bit Of Mistletoe
Uninvited Guest
Pulling No Punches
Puzzled The Psychiatrist

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

Father.....And
Most Of The.....
Haunting.....
In Alfie's.....
.....Of The Season
If It's.....They're After

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,862, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

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Love, The Leveller
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£25 plus Hamper: Mrs. Z. Bailey, 53 Marlborough Street, Oldham: GLORY THAT WAS WAR—VANISHED IN CHARGERS' DUST.

OTHER AWARDS: £10: F/Sgt. R. C. Brooks, R.A.F., 50 Topcliffe Road, Thirsk: UP AT THE TOP—"WEAKNESS"—HENCE STEEL HELMETS. £10: C. Clarke, Bay Tree Farm, Frankby, West Kirby, Cheshire: GLORY THAT WAS AUTUMN—*Your* "GOLD" NOW, GARDENERS. £5: Miss K. M. Bizley, 11 Argyle Street, Eastville, Bristol: DARING YOUNG MAN—TIMID OLD ME—YESTERDAY. £5: Mrs. E. A. Chambers, 278 Hillmorton Road, Rugby: HOME TO MOTHER—OCCASIONALLY? MAKE IT OCCASION! £5: Mrs. J. Dicks, 25 Winstonian Road, Cheltenham: WATCH THOSE PINTS AND—REMEMBER "WALLOP" *Car* CARRIES! £5: J. Hogan, 61 Neston Street, Walton, Liverpool: PLAYING WITH KIDDIES—BEFORE LONG, MODERN TOYS! £5: D. T. Ross, 155 Hutcheon Street, Aberdeen: POLICEMAN SAM—TOLERABLE—BUT JUDGE, JURY—! (Above winners also receive Hampers.)

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EX. ..... 6d.

B.

EX. ..... 6d.

B.

EX. .....

B. .....

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(The best tobacco is bought for Kensitas)

MELLOW, GOOD-TASTING FOR GOOD SMOKING

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